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The Metcalf-Call Readers

A THIRD READER

BY

KATE LOUISE BROWN

AUTHOR OF "THE PLANT BABY AND ITS FRIENDS" "ALICE AND TOM," ETC., ETC.

AND

ROBERT C. METCALF, LITT.D.

AND

ARTHUR DEERIN CALL, M.A.

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BY ROBERT C. METCALF AND ARTHUR DEERIN CALL

FOREWORD

"Reading maketh a full man."

The present still accepts this wisdom of the past.

A child who literally browses among books may appropriate something of their richness of thought and experience, and if trained to read orally he is able to share with others the wealth he has acquired.

But this is not all. Oral reading is the simplest and most natural means of self-expression.

The dramatic instinct actually demands expression in every child. If the story be natural and vivid, lending itself to a free play of action and feeling, oral reading becomes a most natural and desirable outlet for the normal emotions.

To think with the author, to enjoy or suffer, to be moved to laughter or tears — these are the privileges of the young child as truly as the adult. The unconscious impersonation which oral reading secures, means a liberation and exercise of the spiritual faculties, and helps in truly normal living.

This volume, like the others of this series, aims to present material which shall lend itself to natural,

expressive reading. While some careful selections have been made, a large proportion of the prose is here published for the first time. That children and teachers may enjoy the result is the hope of the authors.

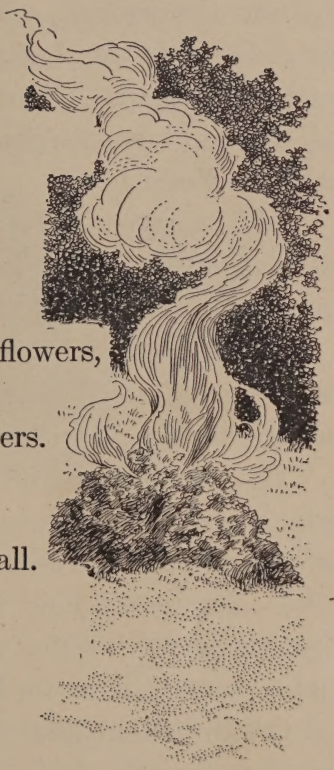
For the use granted us of certain indicated material we are greatly indebted to the following firms and individuals: Houghton, Mifflin & Company for selections from their editions of American poets; Milton Bradley & Company, "St. Nicholas," "The Youth's Companion," Leora Robinson in "The Outlook," Miss Carolyn Bailey in "The Children's Hour," Sui Sin Far in "Good Housekeeping," and "The Children's Magazine," Mr. Frank Dempster Sherman, Mr. Willis Boyd Allen, Charles S. Scribner's Sons for poems by Eugene Field from "Love Songs of Childhood," and "With Trumpet and Drum," and Miss Abbie Farwell Brown.

We would especially acknowledge our indebtedness to Mrs. E. L. Petitclerc, author of "History of the Town of Cheshire, Mass.," for her valuable suggestions in the "Pioneer Tales."

THIRD READER

1

AUTUMN FIRES



In the other gardens
And all up the vale,
From the autumn bonfires
See the smoke trail!

Pleasant summer over
And all the summer flowers,
The red fire blazes,
The grey smoke towers.

Sing a song of seasons!
Something bright in all.
Flowers in the summer,
Fires in the fall!

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

2

TURKEY TIM

I.

Of all the fowls in Farmer Joy's barn-yard, Turkey Tim was the poorest. He had lost an eye in a free fight. One leg was lame because he had once been caught in a trap. His coat was dull and his temper bad. He had but one friend in the world, and that was dear little Nelly Joy.

And Tim loved Nelly. She fed him morning, noon and night. He would follow her about all over the farm, and it was funny to see them together.

"Come, Tim, come talk to me," she would say. Then Tim got as close as he could, and Nelly put her arm around him.

"Tim, you know you are not pretty," she would begin gravely. Whenever Nelly spoke in that tone, down went Turkey Tim's head.

"You are very ugly to the other fowls. You try to get all the food. You push the hens out of the way, and you even walk on the little chicks.

"O Tim, is that kind in a big, strong bird like you? You make a great deal of noise, too. You sing under the windows when my mother has a headache. Do you not often peck hens — very small hens?

"O Tim, that is wrong. The big should be kind to the small and weak. I am ashamed of you!"

By this time Tim's head was so low it could not be seen. Then Nelly would hug him and say, "But I love you, Tim. I do love you even if you are bad sometimes. I love you better than any of the others."

Then up would come Tim's head and how he would gobble! Even Nelly would have to put her hands over her ears and tell him to keep still.

Thanksgiving time was at hand, and one day Farmer Joy said, "I think we'll kill Tim this year. He is just about right for eating. Besides, he troubles the other fowls so I shall be glad to see the last of him."

"O papa," cried Nelly, "you must not kill my dear Turkey! I love him—and I should cry and cry and cry!"

"Well, well, we'll see," said Farmer Joy.

a shamed trou ble

TURKEY TIM

II.

Nelly tried all that week to keep watch of her pet. Never before was Tim so bad. He fought with the other turkeys and drove the hens about the yard. From morning until night he was in trouble.

Two days before Thanksgiving Mr. Joy came from the barn, a pail of milk in each hand. Tim ran suddenly under his feet with a loud gobble.

Mr. Joy fell, and the milk was sent far and wide. That was not the worst, for his arm was badly bruised.

"That settles it," he cried, as he picked himself up. "I will not have the crazy fellow about! He shall go!"

"O papa!" cried Nelly in tears. "Not another word," said Farmer Joy, sternly, "he might have broken your father's neck."

Mr. Joy's arm grew so painful he decided to drive to the village and see the doctor. Nelly heard him say to the hired man, "Sam, I want you to catch that turkey and make way with him before I get back."

But Tim walked into the old corn shed, and the door was closed upon him. Sam went to the field to dig the last row of potatoes.

This was Nelly's chance. She opened the door and called him softly. Tim answered with a joyful gobble.

"O darling, do keep still. Don't you know they mean to kill you, Tim? But I will save you. Come right along after me."

For a wonder Tim shut his mouth. He followed Nelly across the barn-yard, towards the woods.

Nelly took the path that led up a hill. There was a great ledge of rocks at the very top. The little girl had found a cave among these rocks, one day.

It was half full of dead leaves and branches, but she thought it might be a good place to hide. She sat down and put her tired little head against the rock.

"No one can find us here, Tim," she said. "I guess we'll get pretty hungry, and I hope there are no bears around. But I can't let them kill you, Tim."

Tim edged up close and laid his head on her lap. His one eye seemed to say, "I'm sorry, Miss Nelly! You are all the friend I have in this wide world."

de cid ed

TURKEY TIM

III.

Farmer Joy came back from the village his arm in a sling. As Sam took the horse he said, "The turkey is gone, sir. I shut him in the old corn shed where no one ever goes. When I got back from the field, he was not there."

"There never was such a bird!" said Farmer Joy.

At supper time Nelly was missing. After waiting a while, word was sent to the neighbors, but no one had seen her.

Sam and Joe went up and down the farm hunting and calling, but no little voice replied.

When they came back Farmer Joy said: "Take the lanterns, boys, we will go to the woods. Nelly liked to play there. Perhaps she has fallen somehow, and hurt herself."

So the three went to the woods calling and shouting. Nelly heard them but did not dare reply. She was afraid they would harm her dear pet.

She was cold and hungry—poor little thing! More than one tear had fallen as she thought of her white bed at home, and all the good-night kisses.

The shouting came nearer, and Tim answered with a loud gobble, gobble!

"Gobble-obble-obble!" replied Tim, flying up in the very face of Farmer Joy.

(*See page 8*)

"Nelly, are you there?" called her father's voice. "Gobble-obble-obble!" replied Tim, flying up in the very face of Farmer Joy.

But Farmer Joy was not angry this time. "You old rascal," he said, "where is my little girl?"

"Here she is," cried Sam, as he caught sight of a pale face in the flash of his lantern. In another moment he caught her up and put her in her father's arms.

"Don't hurt Tim, papa, please," said a very small, tired voice. "I ran away because — I couldn't have him killed."

"Well, well," cried Mr. Joy, "that was a great thing to do. No, no, child, I'll not hurt Tim. He told us where you were — the only good thing he ever did in all his life. For that one good deed he shall live."

So Nelly rode home on her papa's shoulder and he never once thought of his arm. Tim followed him, and before Sam shut him up he gave him a big supper.

"Ye don't deserve it — ye baste!" he said, "but then ye saved Nelly from the cold — get along with ye!" as Tim gratefully pecked at his boot.

The next morning Nelly ran out to see her pet. He had driven away the other fowls as usual, and stood in the feed-trough, gobbling joyfully.

"You must not take all the breakfast," cried Nelly. "If my papa lets you live you must be a better turkey."

"Gobble-obble-obble!" cried Turkey Tim. "Who is the king of the barn-yard?" he seemed to say. "I'll make them stand around! Look out, Madam," as a black hen ventured near. "Keep away, you common fowls! I'm Turkey Tim! Gobble-obble-obble!"

lan tern ven tured grate ful ly

3

THE MARRIAGE OF COCK ROBIN AND JENNY WREN

How It Came About

There was an old gray Pussy-cat, and she went away down a waterside, and there she saw a wee Robin Redbreast hopping on a briar bush.

And gray Pussy-cat says, "Where are you going, wee Robin?" And wee Robin says, "I'm going away to the King, to sing him a song this good Christmas morning."

And gray Pussy-cat says, "Come here, wee Robin, and I'll let you see a bonnie, white ring around my neck." But wee Robin says, "No! no! old gray Pussy-cat, no! no! Ye worry the wee mousies, but ye'll no worry me!"

So wee Robin flew away until he came to a thorny dyke, and there he saw a gray, greedy Hawk sitting. And the gray, greedy Hawk says, "Where are you going, wee Robin?"

And wee Robin says, "I'm going away to the King to sing to him a song this good Christmas morning." And gray, greedy Hawk says, "Come here, wee Robin, and I'll let you see a bonny feather in my wing."

But wee Robin says, "No! no! gray, greedy Hawk, no! no! Ye pluck all the linnets, but ye'll no pluck me!" So wee Robin flew away until he came to a cleft in the crag, and there he saw sly Tod Lowrie, the Fox, sitting.

And sly Tod Lowrie says, "Where are you going, wee Robin?" And wee Robin says, "I'm going away to the King to sing him a song this good Christmas morning."

And sly Tod Lowrie says, "Come here, wee Robin, and I'll let ye see a bonnie spot on the tip of my tail." And wee Robin says, "No! no! sly Tod Lowrie, no! no! Ye worry the wee lammies, but ye'll no worry me."

So wee Robin flew away till he came to a bonnie brookside, and there he saw a wee Laddie sitting. And the wee Laddie says, "Where are you going, wee Robin?" And wee Robin says, "I'm going away to the King to sing to him a song this good Christmas morning."

And the wee Laddie says, "Come here, wee Robin, and I'll give you a bit of oat cake out of my pouch." But wee Robin says, "No! no! wee Laddie, no! no! Ye trap the gold finches, but ye'll no trap me."

So wee Robin flew away until he came to the King, and there he sat on the window sill and sang the King a bonnie song. And the King says to the Queen, "What shall we give to wee Robin for singing us this bonnie song?"

And the Queen says to the King, "I think we'll give him Jenny Wren to be his wife."

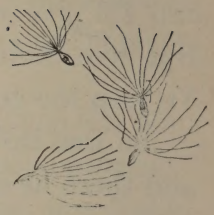
So Cock Robin and Jenny Wren were married, and the King and the Queen and all the Court danced at the wedding. Then they flew away home to their own brookside and hopped on a briar bush.

ATTRIBUTED TO ROBERT BURNS.

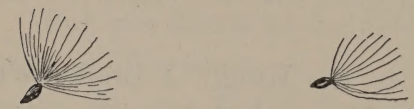
Tod Low rie pouch

4

THISTLE DOWN

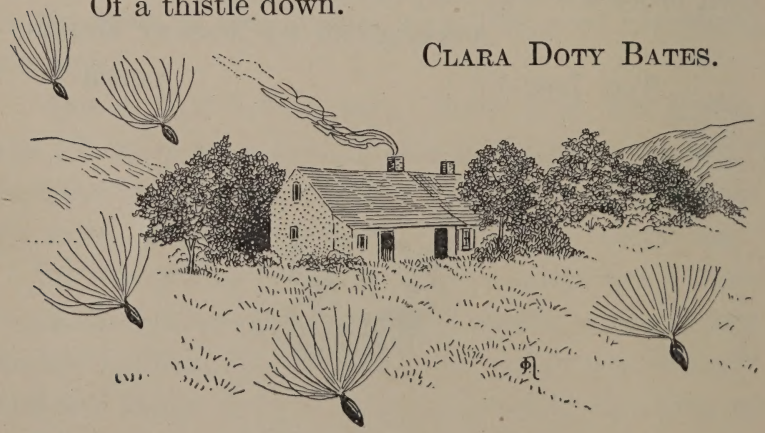


Never a beak has my white bird,
Nor throat for song,
But wings of silk by soft winds stirred,
Bear it along.



With wings of silk and a heart of seed,
O'er field and town,
It sails, it flies — some spot has need
Of a thistle down.

CLARA DOTY BATES.



field town

5

HOW ROBERT LOUIS MADE STORIES

"Lock the door, Cummy, lock the door! Don't you tell! I've a story! You write it!"

Cummy was his dear nurse, and she loved her little nursling better than all else in the world.

The door would be shut and locked, and Cummy would take down Robert Louis's words just as he said them. When the story was all written out, mamma would be asked to listen. It was a very happy time for the young author with such proud and loving friends.

Robert Louis had a number of cousins who were also fond of making stories. When our little boy was a few years older an uncle offered a prize for the best story about "Moses."

Robert Louis wanted to try, so his mother agreed to take the story down for him. Now it was very hard for the little fellow to keep still at any time. He made his story while pacing up and down, his arms folded behind him, his face wrinkled with care.

When excited he would clamber over the sofa back, his yellow curls in wild disorder. Sometimes he would roll on the rug, spinning his lines in eager jerks.

He made his stories, acting out each scene. He also drew some very funny pictures for them.

You know it tells in the Bible how the people of Israel, led by Moses, crossed the Red Sea on foot. That was to get away from the people of Egypt who had made slaves of them.

Robert Louis wrote his story very well but he drew his men of Israel carrying dress-suit cases.

So our author did not get the prize after all. We are not told how he felt about it, but we know that the story with its funny pictures is still lovingly kept in the family.

This is how Robert Louis began his work. He made stories as long as he lived. He made some of the best verses ever written for children. You may know some of them like "My Shadow," "The Lamp Lighter," and "The Wind." They are found in a dear little book called "The Child's Garden of Verses," and their author was Robert Louis Stevenson.

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6

THAT WINTER AT THE SNOWS'

I.

Father Squirrel crept out to the very end of the bough. He looked sideways to the right. He looked sideways to the left. His dark eyes were bright and keen.

"Yes, I think they have all gone at last," he said. "Come out, my dear! Come, children, you must not be afraid. We are alone once more."

"Are you sure?" said Mrs. Squirrel, peeping from the yellow chestnut leaves.

"Yes, wife, I heard them shout at the gate. They

have really gone, and they will not come back to-day. Do you not see how low the sun is? The house-people are often as careful as we. They want their children in before dark."

"Well, I'm glad. How big they are! Their loud voices make me nervous. It would break my heart if our little Velvet Paw, Bright Eyes, or Fine Ear ever grew up like them."

"They are not so bad for boys and girls. They didn't chase us or throw stones — they only made a noise."

"But they took our nuts, and that isn't fair. Let them go to what they call their shops! Cousin Gray Tail, who lives on the Common, says the nuts grow in heaps on the sidewalks."

"You forget what we took last winter at the Snows'."

"Forget? How could I? What careless people the Snows are! Think of going back to the city without being sure no glass is broken in the attic windows!"

"Yes, my dear, and the attic door that was left open! Children, you were not born last winter, but your three brothers were here with us. We must tell the little ones about it.

"We hid in the big maple near the house and saw the Snows lock the door and drive away."

"What did you do then, father?"

"We sat a moment and smiled. You see we had watched the broken window in the attic for days.

"When we were sure no one else was in the house, we jumped down on the piazza roof. We climbed up the spout and reached the attic window. We jumped through the hole and — there we were!"

"What did you find, father, more nuts?"

"No, my child, but the door down stairs was open, so down we ran. The doors on the second floor were shut, but what did we care? We just kept on and found —"

"O, what, father? Tell us quick."

"Be quiet, Velvet Paw, it is not polite to speak when your father is talking."

"We found a long hall — two big parlors with an arch-way between, another arch, then a dining-room. There was a swing door that led into a kitchen, with room under this door for a squirrel to squeeze through. Then came another swing door, beyond that a pantry, with things to eat, all in paper bags and boxes!"

ner vous squeeze

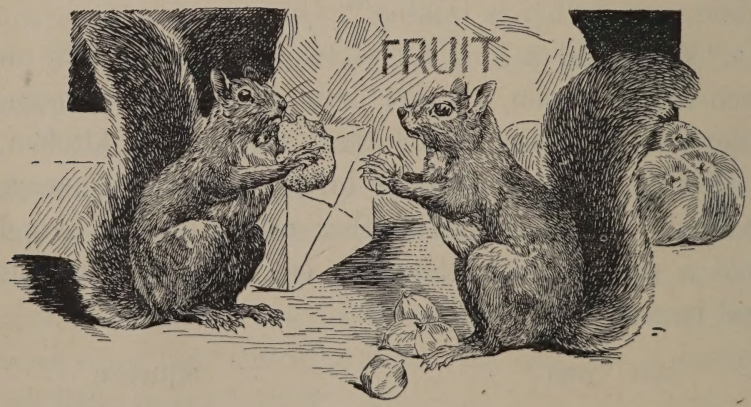
II.

"What things?"

"I will tell you later. We began by running races from the front door to the pantry and back again. Then we looked about.

"There was a big, velvet sofa in one of the rooms. We bit holes in it and pulled out all the hair stuffing. Every one helped."

"Yes, my dear, what fine beds that hair made! Our little ones slept so cosy and warm. A mother feels for such things."



"What a careless cook the Snows had!"

"But the pantry, father!"

"Yes, yes! we found rice, oat-meal, beans, raisins

and other good things in the paper bags. What a careless cook the Snows had!

"But the best of all is to come. Bert Snow had been gathering nuts. He meant to take them back to the city, but he forgot. They were in a big box in the hall closet.

"We smelled the nuts, and we knew we must have them. We bit a hole in the door! It took days and days to make it. By and by our baby squirrels could slip through. We sent them in every day to get nuts.

"I fear we left many shells on the floor. I fear that the Snows found much to surprise them when they came back the next spring."

"We must not forget to tell about the letter I left for the cat. I hate that yellow thing! I cannot forget how nearly she caught me once. What a yank she gave my poor tail! This is the letter:

" 'My darling:

" 'We are about to leave our winter home for our house in the woods. We were so sorry not to have you with us. We have enjoyed every moment, as the parlor will show. Do come and see us, you dear thing! We can hardly wait for your return.

Your loving

Lady Gray Coat.' "

"Wasn't that cat angry! She hates us as we hate her."

"But all good things have an end, wife. The day the Snows moved in we moved out. They have mended the attic window, I am sorry to say.

"This winter we must be content with our hollow tree or the old barn in the field.

"Never mind, we had one great winter. Never shall we forget it! Never can it be taken away from us!"

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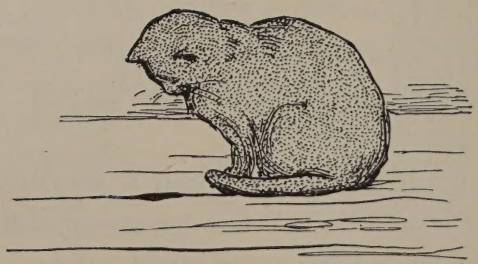


7

FOR MEMORIZING.

September days are here,
With Summer's best of weather
And Autumn's best of cheer.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

In every orchard Autumn stands
With apples in his glowing hands.

ALEXANDER SMITH.

October glows on every cheek,
October shines in every eye,
While up the hill and down the dale
Her crimson banners fly.

ELAINE GOODALE.

The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the word of our God shall stand forever.

ISAIAH.

At every turn the maples burn,
The quail is whistling free,
The partridge whirrs, and the frosted burrs
Are dropping for you and me.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

O ye Dews and Frosts, bless ye the Lord: praise him and magnify him forever.

BENEDICTE.

November's sky is chill and drear,
November's leaf is red and sear.

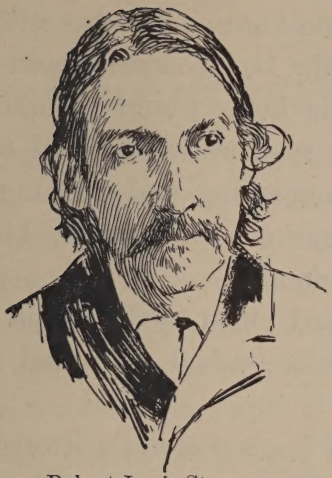
SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The Autumn is old,
The sere leaves are flying;
He hath gathered up gold,
And now he is dying.

THOMAS HOOD.

The soft wind and the yellow leaves
Are having their last dance together.

MRS. HARRIET KING.



Robert Louis Stevenson

8

HOW ROBERT LOUIS AND ALAN PLAYED

Of all his cousins, Robert Louis loved Alan the best. The two boys spent much time making up games. One of these games was called the "Islands." Robert Louis named his island "Noseingdale." Was not that a funny name?

They had all kinds of adventures in this game. They fought giants, and killed strange beasts. They chased pirates and found great heaps of gold and jewels hidden away.

When Robert Louis was a man he wrote a book called "Treasure Island," that you will read some day.

His hero had almost as many and as strange adventures.

Sometimes the boy cousins would come and play with him, and the house would be full of noise. Every story they had read must be acted out. There was shouting and screaming and running up and down stairs. The boys chased robbers, killed giants and trapped wild animals.

They attacked cities by land and pirates by sea. The furniture was pushed aside and sometimes even broken.

Now Robert Louis was not a strong child. He was ill a great part of the time. But he was always the last to give in.

When the other boys had stopped the game because too tired to go on, Robert Louis would never stop.

At last "Cummy" would appear and carry him away still fighting. He was sure to be ill after such a game, but never willing to give it up.

As a man Robert Louis was often ill, yet, like the little boy, never willing to stop the game. He was brave in his pain, and made light of it.

He wrote cheery words and helped others bear the hard things of life. That is another reason why he was such a great man and why he is loved so much.

ad ven tures pi rates treas ures
at tacked rea son

9

HOW ROBERT LOUIS'S VERSES GREW

I have told you that Robert Louis Stevenson was a very frail child. He had long spells of illness which sometimes kept him in the house for an entire winter.

The little fellow was happy even when in bed. He loved to stand up his lead soldiers on the white spread and play games with them. Perhaps he was thinking of that when he wrote "The Land of Counterpane."

He was also very fond of lights. His people had built many lighthouses on the rocky coast of Scotland. The man who built the greatest of them was called "The Father of Lights." Robert Louis, when at the seaside, was never weary of gazing out upon these beacons for the sailors.

In the city where he lived, the streets were lighted by oil lamps set upon high posts. An old man known to the children as "Leerie" used to come around with ladder and torch, climb up the ladder, open the glass door of the lantern and light the lamp.

Robert Louis watched him night after night, just before tea time. He always hoped the old fellow would see him and give him a nod or a wave of the hand.

"And O! before you hurry by with ladder and with light,
O, Leerie, see a little child and nod to him tonight."

In the summer time he spent weeks with his grandfather who lived in the country about three miles out.

The river flowed past the garden, and he loved to listen to its song. You remember he says in "Where go the Boats,"

"Dark brown is the river,
Golden is the sand,
It flows along forever
With trees on either hand."

It was at grandfather's house that Robert Louis saw the gardener "old, serious, brown and big," who never seemed to want to play. This old man hated, as well, to have little boys ask questions.

I think it must have been here, too, where Robert Louis found his tiny dell with its shining water well, that he speaks of in "My Kingdom."

Sometimes he went to a cottage high up in the Pentlands. There he found windmills which were a great delight. He heard the wind moving over the fields, "Like ladies' skirts across the grass."

Wherever he went he saw and heard beautiful things. Later on he put them in the verses that all children love.

se ri ous bea cons ques tions

10

THE WIND

I saw you toss the kites on high
And blow the birds about the sky;
And all around I heard you pass,
Like ladies' skirts across the grass —
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

I saw the different things you did,
But always you yourself you hid.
I felt you push, I heard you call,
I could not see yourself at all —
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

O you that are so strong and cold,
O blower, are you young or old?
Are you a beast of field and tree,
Or just a stronger child than me?
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

11

THE BOX OF SMILES

It was a rainy day and the schoolroom seemed dull and cold. It was hard to see the board from the back of the room. The children's feet had the fidgets, and things dropped before you knew it.

Some of the little faces grew dark, too. Susie Snow cried when her sum wouldn't come right. Paul Brown said that Jimmy Green kept pushing his papers off his desk.

Then Billy Bliss laughed and made up a little face at Paul, as much as to say, "What a silly fellow you are to mind a thing like that!"

Miss Loring laid down her book and said, "Children, it isn't a very pleasant day outside, but it's even worse inside. I think we must do something."

The children looked up eagerly and one or two smiled. "There! they have begun to come already. Could I have forgotten to shut that box?"

The pupils began looking about the room. "No, you will not see it," went on Miss Loring, "I have kept it in my desk for just such a day as this. I think now is the time to take it out."

Miss Loring then opened a drawer and seemed to be looking. "Yes, here it is," holding up a pretty

blue and gold box. "I thought that cover was a little loose. Some of those smiles have crept out. I believe I'll open the box and let them all out."

So saying she lifted the cover. "There they go! What a crowd! You can't see them go but we'll all know when they find a home in some little face. Smiles are like seeds, they grow and grow! Why, I see them growing already!"

Miss Loring was right, for just about every face had changed. "Now that is good," she said, heartily. "This room is getting brighter every moment. The sun has put on his cloud veil and won't even look at us, but we don't care. We are going to have a Sunshine Shop in here."

fidg ets ea ger ly heart i ly

THE BOX OF SMILES

II.

Just before twelve Miss Loring told the children to put their books away.

"I've had such a good time watching those smiles," she said. "Susie got the wrong answer four times but instead of crying she smiled. Yet each time I saw she

tried harder, and the fifth time the right answer came."

"I didn't think hard enough at first," said Susie. "I was in too much of a hurry to get done."

"Paul and Jimmy have had no more trouble. I wonder if the smiles did it?"

"I kept round in front, then I didn't push his papers off the desk," said Jimmy frankly.

"Well, I didn't put my papers so near the back edge," said Paul quickly.

"I think the smiles are working. I noticed Lillian did not pout when the soiled book came to her. That means a great deal, for our Lillian is a very dainty little girl. She doesn't like even to touch things the least bit soiled or worn. She was in great danger of growing selfish.

"I saw that Herman did not scowl when the books gave out and he had to share Philip's. O, I've seen so many nice things! The room has been just full of sunshine. I have hardly missed the real sun."

"There he is now," cried the children, as a big yellow ray came flashing in through the window.

"Why, so he is peeping at us! I think we must have helped bring him out. We'll put away the box of smiles. How heavy it is! There will be enough for another day."

an swer dain ty

12

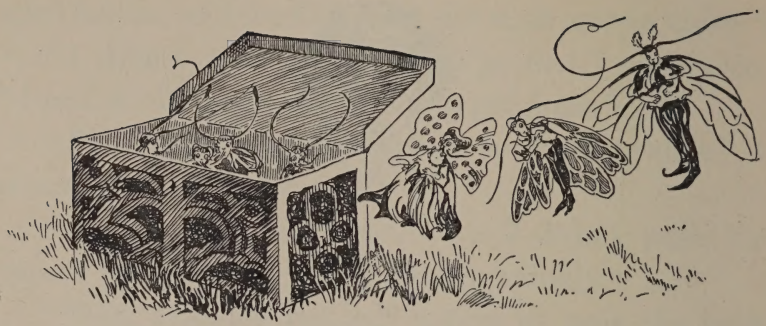
SMILES AND TEARS

I smile, and then the sun comes out;
He hides away whene'er I pout;
He seems a very funny sun,
To do whatever he sees done.

And when it rains he disappears;
Like me he can't see through the tears.
Now isn't that the reason why
I ought to smile and never cry?

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

dis ap pears



13

PANDORA'S BOX

Once upon a time there was a dear, pretty little girl named Pandora. She lived in the house of a big, kind Titan, Epimetheus. In those days Titans were a race of giants who were getting the earth ready for the home of man.

The old Greeks said that Pandora was the first woman, and that the gods made her in heaven. The child was pleased with her new home. Epimetheus grew very fond of his little charge and let her amuse herself as she wished.

One thing only she must not touch. In a corner stood a large box, the cover of which she had never lifted. "Do tell me what is in that box, Master," she would beg, climbing up on the old Titan's lap.

"Ask me not, little one," Epimetheus would reply,

gravely, "and I charge thee, never of thy peril lift the lid."

Then the sunny face would cloud over, the blue eyes fill with tears. "Only one tiny moment," she would plead, "and thy Pandora will never again ask."

Then the old Titan's face would grow very sad. "Am I not good to thee, dear child? All else I have is thine. Can'st thou not trust me in this? O Pandora, thou hast come to be my torment, rather than my joy."

Pandora would feel very sorry and beg him to forgive her, and promise never, never again to be so naughty. But a day came when the child was left alone in the house. She grew very tired of the quiet and looked about for something to do.

Her eye fell upon the box and the wish grew strong to see what was in it. "I will lift the lid just a little, little bit," she said to herself, "and give one—only one peep. There can be no harm in that." So Pandora with a beating heart knelt down by the box.

Now Epimetheus had put certain bad things in this box for which the world had as yet no use. There was sickness of all kinds, and qualities like envy, hate, untruth and revenge. You will see why Epimetheus dreaded to have those little hands lift the cover.

Pandora raised the lid and out they rushed in a

blinding shower. Like poisonous insects they stung her face and swarmed about her. She shut down the cover in great fright. "Oh, what have I done," she cried, weeping to see the swarm as it rushed through the open windows and doors.

She had been well punished for not obeying the kind old master. She trembled with pain, a feeling before unknown to her.

Epimetheus found her there at night and heard the sad tale. "I have done very wrong," she cried, "can you ever forgive me? O promise you will!" "You little know what you have done, Pandora," he replied soberly. "I can and do forgive you, but mankind will always suffer for your curiosity."

He raised the lid as he spoke and a cry of joy broke from him. "It is not so bad, little one. One thing has been left behind! Hope, the best gift the world knows, is still there. With Hope one may bear many evils. Dry your tears, my child, all is not lost."

We will suppose that Pandora did so and found comfort. At any rate as long as Hope is left, mankind can never quite lose heart, even if all the evils of Pandora's box are buzzing about.

Ep i me theus	qual i ties	poi son ous
tor ment	re venge	cu ri os ity

14

IF I KNEW

If I knew the box where the smiles are kept,
No matter how large the key
Or strong the bolt, I would try so hard
'Twould open I know for me;
Then over the land and the sea broadcast,
I'd scatter the smiles to play,
That the children's faces might hold them fast
For many and many a day.

If I knew a box that was large enough
To hold all the frowns I meet,
I would like to gather them every one,
From nursery, school and street;
Then folding and holding, I'd pack them in,
And turning the monster key,
I'd hire a giant to drop the box
To the depths of the deep, deep sea.

ANON.

15

THE RICH GOOSE

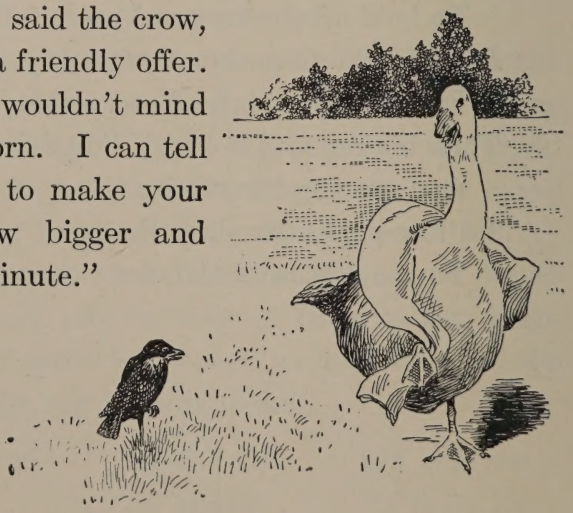
Once there was a rich goose going along with a bag of corn, more than he could eat in all his lifetime. As he walked along, so proud and happy, he met a crow.

The crow said: "Hello, Mr. Goose! You have a nice lot of corn there, too much for you to carry. Let me help you. I'll take some of your load."

"Oh, no," said the goose, dolefully; "riches are a great burden, to be sure, but still I'm not going to give you any of my bag of corn."

"Oh, well," said the crow, "I just made a friendly offer. I suppose you wouldn't mind having more corn. I can tell you a scheme to make your corn pile grow bigger and bigger every minute."

"Tell me quick!" said Mr. Goose, setting down his corn bag in the road.



"Hello, Mr. Goose! You have a nice lot of corn there."

"First," said the crow, "you must spread all your corn out on the ground, so we can count it."

The goose spread all his corn out, and the crow said: "Now, you count on that side, while I count on this."

So the goose began counting: "One, two, three, four, five, six—" And the crow began counting: "One, two, three, four, five, six,—" and as fast as he counted he gobbled it up!

At last the goose looked up and said: "Where's my corn, Mr. Crow?"

And Mr. Crow flew off, laughing a loud "Caw-caw-caw" as he went, while Mr. Goose picked up his corn and shouldered the bag, which was not so heavy now.

Well, Mr. Goose went on, and he met a top-knot pigeon; and the top-knot pigeon said: "Mr. Goose, you've got a big lot of corn. Let me help you carry it."

"No," said Mr. Goose, "I don't want any help."

"Well," said Mr. Pigeon, "I know a little game you can play, and make your corn into more. I will show you how to play it."

"Well," said Mr. Goose, "I ought to have a little fun as I go along."

"Spread your corn in a circle," said the pigeon. "Begin on the outside to count, and I'll go behind you and count after you."

"Why don't you let me come last?" asked Mr. Goose.

"Because that's not the game," said Mr. Pigeon.

So Mr. Goose spread out some of his corn in a circle and began counting: "One, two, three, four, five, six —" And the pigeon followed behind, counting, "One, two, three, four, five, six—," and swallowing as fast as he counted. And when Mr. Goose got around to the starting point there wasn't any corn left.

"Where's my corn?" said Mr. Goose.

"That's the game, to find out where it went," said the pigeon flying off. And Mr. Goose tied up his bag again, and thought how light it was.

He went on and on, and he met a crane. And

Mr. Crane just gave a loud screech and flew off to Canada.

the crane said: "Hello, Mr. Goose! What a fine lot of corn! Let me help you carry it."

"No, thank you," said the goose, "I don't need any help."

"If you'll swim around that big rock in the pond," said Mr. Crane, "you will see pearls and diamonds and gold fishes."

"Oh, oh!" said Mr. Goose.

So Mr. Goose swam out into the pond to see the sights and left Mr. Crane watching his bag of corn; but he saw no sights, and when he came back his bag was very light indeed.

"Where's my corn?" said Mr. Goose, and Mr. Crane just gave a loud screech and flew off to Canada.

scheme screech di a monds

THE RICH GOOSE

II.

So Mr. Goose went on and on, and he met Mrs. Brown Leghorn, with her ten little chicks trying to keep up with her. And she said: "Don't you find your corn very heavy, Mr. Goose?"

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Goose, "no one knows the load we rich folks have to carry."

"Well, Mr. Goose," said Mrs. Brown Leghorn, "shan't I help you?"

"No, no," said Mr. Goose; "I'm used to it."

"Very well," said Mrs. Brown Leghorn; "I'll tell you what. Throw some corn out here on the ground and see what will happen."

"Your chickabiddies would eat it," said Mr. Goose.

"You must remember," said Mrs. Brown Leghorn, "that they are not common chickens, they're Brown Leghorns."

"Well," said Mr. Goose, "I will throw a little of my corn on the ground, and if those chickens don't eat it I will give you all the corn you wish for yourself."

So the goose threw down the corn, and the chickabiddies started for it, but Mrs. Brown Leghorn gave her hawk cry, and they all ran to the bushes to hide and Mrs. Brown Leghorn ate up the corn.

"Where's my corn? Shame on you!" cried Mr. Goose, and he gathered up what was left, and went on until he met a bobtail horse.

"Let me carry that load for you, Mr. Goose; it is too heavy for you," said Mr. Bobtail.

"No, no!" said Mr. Goose, and he was just hurrying on, but the horse said: "You ought to open that corn and let the air freshen it. I know the weevils are eating it up."

"The weevils! Are they?" asked Mr. Goose.

So the horse took the goose to a nice big box and poured out the corn. The goose said: "I can't find any weevils."

"Let me look," said the horse, and all the time he was looking he was munching, munching the corn.

So the goose drove Mr. Bobtail away, and he put the little bit of corn that was left in the great big bag, and went on down the road, till he met a farmer's little boy.

And the boy said: "Mr. Goose, what is that little bit of stuff you have got in that great big bag?"

"It is all the corn I own in the world," said the goose, "and I'm afraid to eat it up, for then I shall have nothing."

"Put it in the ground," said the boy, "and it will make more corn."

"Wouldn't that be throwing it away?" said the goose sadly.

"No," said the boy; "we farmers are always burying things in the ground, and they spring up and grow."

So the boy took a horse and ploughed the land, and harrowed it, and laid it out in furrows, and planted the corn. When Mr. Goose saw the last of his yellow corn all covered up in the ground, he thought that he

should never be happy again. But the boy said: "Cheer up, Mr. Goose! Here comes your corn."

And the corn grew and grew, until, at last, harvest time came. And for every grain the boy put into the ground there were hundreds of grains in the ears; so Mr. Goose gave half his corn to the farmer's boy, and what he had at first was nothing compared with his riches now.

LEORA ROBINSON in "The Outlook."

wee vils com pared

16

SOME GARDEN SECRETS

Greta found Alan lying face down on the bank of the lily pond. He was staring hard into the water.

"What are you looking for, Alan?" she asked.

"Trying to see a tadpole turn into a frog," said Alan "You know they drop their tails off and turn into real frogs. But I don't see any spare tails lying round. I've watched and watched but none of them seems to be shedding its tail to-day."

"That's something like watching a bud blossom," said Greta. "You know when a bud looks as if it were going to open in a minute. You watch and watch till you almost go to sleep, and it doesn't move a mite. Then you go off and play for a tiny moment. When you come back it's all blossomed out. But I guess if you watched forever you'd never see a tadpole's tail drop off, for they don't drop off."

"They do, too!" said Alan. "How else do they get rid of them? When they are tadpoles they have tails. When they are frogs they have none."

"I used to think so," said Greta. "But Aunt Peggy goes to college, and she learned there that they don't lose their tails. They just grow shorter and shorter until they disappear inside the frog.

"I suppose it is something the way a turtle draws his head inside his shell. The turtle does it quickly and often, the tadpole very slowly and never pokes it out again. Aunt Peggy said the tail changed inside the frog but I didn't understand it very well."

"When I grow up I'm going to college to find out for myself," said Alan. "So am I," said Greta. "Aunt Peggy told me about a funny black fish called a squid, who makes ink inside himself. When his enemies are pursuing him in the water he just spills a lot of ink. The water gets all cloudy and the enemies can't see the squid so he escapes."

"He's a real smart fish, isn't he?" said Alan. "Did your Aunt Peggy ever see one?"

"Yes and she saw the ink, too. She dipped a pen in it and wrote her name and the date, and there it was written in squid ink. It looks almost like any other ink. If you'll come into the house she'll show it to you."

As the children were going into the house Alan said:

"There's one thing I'd like to see and that's a snake crawling out of his skin. You know the snake's skin we found in the bushes last summer?"

"We'll have to keep our eyes open," said Greta.

NEW YORK TIMES.

pur su ing en e mies you 'll

17

A GOOD THANKSGIVING

Said old gentleman Gay, "On Thanksgiving day,
If you want a good time, then give something away."

So he sent a fat turkey to Shoemaker Price,
And the shoemaker said, "What a big bird! How nice.
"With such a good dinner before me, I ought
To give Widow Lee the small chicken I bought."

"This fine chicken, oh, see!" said the pleased Widow Lee,
"And the kindness that sent it, how precious to me.

"I would like to make some one as happy as I—
I'll give Washerwoman Biddy my big pumpkin pie."

"And oh sure!" Biddy said, "'t's the queen of all pies!
And to look at its yellow face gladdens my eyes.

"Now it's my turn, I think; and a sweet ginger cake
For the motherless Finigan children I'll bake."

Said the Finigan children — Rose, Denny and Hugh —
"It smells sweet of spice, and we'll carry a slice
To poor little lame Jake, who has nothing that's nice."

"Oh I thank you, and thank you," said little lame Jake.
"What a beautiful, beautiful, beautiful cake!

"And such a big slice! I will save all the crumbs,
And give them to each little sparrow that comes."

And the sparrows they twittered, as if they would say,
Like old gentleman Gay, "On Thanksgiving day,
If you want a good time, then give something away."

MARIAN DOUGLAS.

pre cious gin ger spar row

18

THE LONESOME CHRISTMAS TREE

The little Christmas tree lay outside on the veranda — forgotten. Only a few nights ago how proudly had it stood in the big drawing room! Little candles had twinkled like stars among its spicy branches. Rosy apples and golden oranges, chains of colored papers and white popcorn made it very gay.

Now all these bright things had been taken away and here it was — out in the cold! Do you wonder the little Christmas tree was sad and lonesome?

It had been sometimes dull enough in the forest. The sun shone or the rain fell. The flowers bloomed

and faded. The white snow covered the green earth like a blanket and the north wind sighed through the branches.

But nothing strange or great happened until the little tree was taken away to be made a Christmas tree. Now it would be glad to see the old home and hear the big trees say to one another, "How the little one is growing! How it is growing!"

Helen came skipping out on the veranda in her long red coat and stocking cap. Helen was a dear little girl who loved the trees and flowers. Like Hiawatha she felt that the animals were her friends and brothers.

Her eye fell upon the little Christmas tree and the skipping stopped. Perhaps she, too, thought of the night in the big drawing room.

"You poor little thing," she cried, "you look lonesome!" The tree trembled; how good it was to be thought of, now that it was down in the world.

Helen buried her nose in the green branches. "O, how good you smell! You make me think of summer time when we go to Grandpa's and Uncle Jack takes us into the woods. It was almost a shame to cut you down, just for one night, when you've taken so long to grow. It is a shame to turn you out in the cold and forget all about you."

Helen stood still for a moment thinking. All at once she danced up and down, every golden curl flying. "I know, I know!" she cried, "I'll ask papa to let you stay here as long as you keep green. We'll come and play with you every day, and love you."

The little girl ran into the house and called to Ruth and Max. "Let's have a Christmas tree for the cats, and let's ask Hilda and Leslie and Molly to come over with their cats," she proposed.

Ruth ran to ask the others and Helen dashed around to get ready. You should have seen that tree when the guests arrived.

There were bits of raw meat and chicken bones tied on with red ribbon. There was a new neck ribbon for each cat and a cooky mouse with currant eyes.

Helen had turned her ribbon box inside out and the cook had let her empty the cooky jar. Mamma had allowed her to buy a big jar of cream; that was for the cats' lunch. Each cat had a toy; there were a cloth mouse, several soft balls, and one wee Teddy-Bear.

But you should have seen the cats! Each one was held firmly in some child's hands. Each cat was very uneasy. Pinky Peach Blossom, Leslie's wee, white kitty, growled and spit. "I'd like to know what this all means!"

The children sang "Gather around the Christmas tree," and stroked their cats. Then they presented their neck ribbons and after a struggle got them on. When the meat was given out the cats became quieter and two or three began to eat.

Helen then turned the cream into six china saucers. Six cats put their pink noses down close and began to lap. Six little cats began to sing between the laps. They lapped and sang until the cream was all gone. They smelt about for more cream and looked eagerly up in Helen's face.

"We will have a game of ball now," said Helen, throwing a red ball at the group. The cats dashed after it and a wild game of play began. Every one in the house came out to watch the fun.

When it was time to go, Helen said, "Come over tomorrow with all the Teddy-Bears, and we'll play this is a forest and the President is out hunting."

So every day the little Christmas tree had company and some new game was played. Do you think it was lonesome any more?

ver an da	bur ied	sev er al
trem bled	pro posed	pre sent ed

19

THE LAMP LIGHTER

My tea is nearly ready and the sun has left the sky,
It's time to take the window to see Leerie going by;
For every night at tea time and before you take your seat
With lantern and with ladder he comes posting up the street.

Now Tom would be a driver and Maria go to sea,
And my papa's a banker, and as rich as he can be;
But I, when I am stronger and can choose what I'm to do,
O Leerie, I'll go round at night and light the lamps with you.

For we are very lucky with a lamp before the door,
And Leerie stops to light it as he lights so many more;
And O! before you hurry by with ladder and with light,
O Leerie, see a little child and nod to him tonight.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

20

FOR MEMORIZING

The jolly old month of December
Is worth any two of the rest.

MARY ELIZABETH BLAKE.

The frost is here,
And fuel is dear,
And woods are sear
And fires burn clear,
And frost is here,
And has bitten the heel of the going year.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

He casteth forth his ice like morsels: who can stand before his cold?

PSALMS.

He giveth snow like wool.

PSALMS.

January is here
With eyes that keenly glow,—
A frost-clad warrior striding
A shadowy steed of snow.

EDGAR FAWCETT.

O ye Frost and Cold, bless ye the Lord; praise him and magnify him forever.

BENEDICTE.

The speckled sky is dim with snow,
The light flakes falter and fall slow.

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE.

He maketh the storm a calm.

PSALMS.

February brings the rain,
Thaws the frozen lake again.

SARA COLERIDGE.

Late lies the wintry sun abed,
A frosty, fiery, sleepy-head;
Blinks but an hour or two; and then
A blood-red orange sets again.

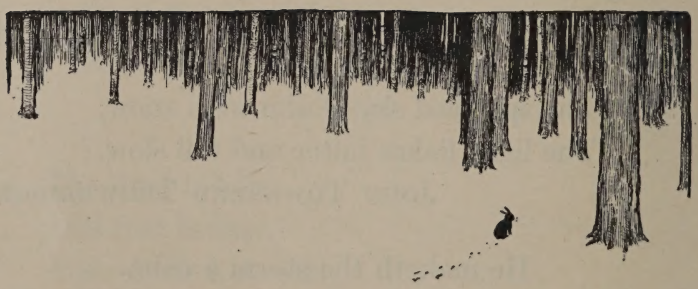
STEVENSON.

He scattereth the hoar frost like ashes.

PSALMS.

By the breath of God frost is given.

JOB.



21

MRS. SANTA CLAUS

It was Christmas eve. Old Santa Claus was just ready to start out upon his long journey over the snowy treetops and roofs to find the waiting chimneys and the little empty stockings. Such a busy day as it had been — with the brownies finishing the packing and Mrs. Santa Claus sewing buttons on the last doll's dress, and tying the last hair ribbon, and smoothing the last curl! But everything was ready. The sleigh was packed from top to bottom, so full that it seemed as if old Santa Claus could never squeeze in himself. There were tops, and drums, and Jack-in-the-boxes, and steam engines, and hundreds of dolls, and barrels of chocolate drops; and peppermint canes were hanging out from the back! The reindeer were harnessed and prancing — Dasher, and Dancer, and Donder, and Vixen, and the rest. The sleighbells were ringing gaily, and old Santa Claus jumped in and took the reins.

"Good-bye mother," he called to Mrs. Santa Claus, who stood in the door to watch the sleigh start. "Anything I can bring you from the city, dear?"

"I think I need a new pair of spectacles," said Mrs. Santa Claus. "My eyes are growing dim with so much

sewing. If the stores are open when you finish to-night just bring me a stronger pair of glasses."

"I will. Good-bye!" shouted Santa Claus. With a dash and a jingle of bells the reindeer jumped to the top of the trees and started; and Mrs. Santa Claus went in to sit in her rocking-chair by the fire and doze.

The workshop was very still. Christmas eve, you know, is the only time of the whole year when Santa Claus' workmen may rest; so the little brownies who paint the sleds, and nail the doll houses, and test the steamboats, were curled up in heaps on all the benches fast asleep and snoring. The candy-kettles were polished and hung in a row upon the kitchen wall. Mrs. Santa Claus sat and rocked by the fire and thought of all the dolls she had dressed.

"There were four hundred with silk dresses," she said to herself, "and two hundred with blue. There were five hundred baby dolls, and I never finished dressing them until today. I wonder if Santa packed them all. I must go and see."

So Mrs. Santa Claus lighted a candle and went out to the sewing-room and peered about in every corner. There were piles of silk and velvet and satin ribbon all over the floor, but oh! — there sat three dolls; a baby doll, a doll in pink and a doll in blue! Santa Claus had forgotten them!

"What shall I do? What shall I do?" cried Mrs. Santa Claus, looking out of the window to see if Santa were anywhere in sight — but he was not. "We counted them all, and there were just enough to go around. Three little girls will have no dolls on Christmas morning. I shall have to go with them myself!"

Out in the barn there was just one reindeer standing in his stall. It was Blitzen, who had a lame foot, so he could not take the long journey with the others. He was contentedly munching hay; but Mrs. Santa Claus tucked the dolls under her arm, put on her little red shawl, tied her cap strings tighter and hurried out to the barn.

"Come, Blitzen!" she said, as she saddled him and jumped on his back. "We must go as fast as ever we can after Santa Claus. He has left three dolls behind!"

So Blitzen dropped his hay and they started. Over the woods and the fields and the fences they dashed, so fast that the wind was left far behind. They looked very funny, indeed, for Mrs. Santa Claus had forgotten to take off her apron, and her cap was awry; but on they hurried. And, when they came to the towns, Blitzen stopped at every roof, that Mrs. Santa Claus might look down the chimney; but Santa Claus had

"We must go as fast as ever we can after Santa Claus.
He has left three dolls behind."

always been there first, and the stockings were filled and the dolls were waiting.

"We counted them all," Mrs. Santa Claus kept saying to herself. "Some one will need a doll —" And, sure enough, she came to a very wee chimney of a very wee house; and there was a stocking hung, but there was only an apple in it — nothing else. So Mrs. Santa Claus dropped the beautiful doll that was dressed in pink into the stocking and started on once more.

Presently they came to another house, and when Mrs. Santa Claus looked down the chimney she saw no stocking at all hanging by the fireplace, and there was no fire even. There was nothing in the room but a table, and a broken chair, and a bed where a little girl — so thin and pale — lay sleeping. And Mrs. Santa Claus dropped the doll in the blue dress right down into the little girl's arms and hurried on again.

When they had come to the very end of the town, Mrs. Santa Claus saw a little girl standing out in the street. She had a bundle of papers to sell, and no one had seen her, because she was so small, and she was waiting in the cold and the snow. Mrs. Santa Claus dropped the baby doll down to the little girl's lap and then she turned Blitzen toward home again.

It was almost Christmas morning when they

reached the barn, and oh! they were tired. When Santa Claus came back with his empty sleigh and the new spectacles, he found Mrs. Santa Claus fast asleep in her rocking-chair by the fire.

"Poor mother," he said, "she's been sewing too much!"

And Mrs. Santa Claus woke up, but she never told about the three dolls.

spec ta cles pres ent ly con tent ed ly

22

KRIS KRINGLE

Just as the moon was fading
  Amid her misty rings,
And every stocking was stuffed
  With childhood's precious things,
Old Kris Kringle looked round
  And saw on the elm-tree bough,
High-hung, an oriole's nest,
  Silent and empty now.

"Quite like a stocking," he laughed,
  "Pinned up there on the tree!
Little I thought the birds
    Expected a present from me";
Then old Kris Kringle, who loves
    A joke as well as the best,
Dropped a handful of flakes
    In the oriole's empty nest.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

23

THE TANGLED KITES

By Sui Sin Far

Tsin Ming and Lee Chu went on the top of the hill to fly their kites. Tsin Ming's kite was like a dragon. It had great eyes and a terrible smile. Lee Chu's was like a fish with the whiskers of a cat. Tsin Ming's kite was made by his grandfather, who made the finest kites in the province of Quang Tung. Lee Chu's kite had come down to him from his grandpa's father, so that it was very old.

With great pride the little boys unwound the cords which bound their kites to earth, and soon, way up high in the sky, the fish and the dragon were flying side by side. For a long, long time Tsin Ming and Lee Chu watched their kites. The boys wished that they, too, could become a kite dragon and a kite fish, so that they could rise way up above all the other little boys.

Then the sun went down and the sky became very beautiful, blue and pink, and yellow and rose. The two little boys forgot their kites to watch the beautiful colors in the sky.

"Is it not beautiful!" exclaimed Tsin Ming.

"Exquisite, adorable!" cried little Lee Chu, which

is a Chinese boy's way of telling how very much he enjoyed the beautiful sight.

"The purple sky shall be yours, and I, more unworthy, shall possess the rose color," cried Tsin Ming.

"Oh, no," said little Lee Chu politely, "I will leave the purple for you, and because you are so much better than I, I will take for myself the rose."

"But I should be ashamed to take all the purple sky, because you are so much better than I, it ought all to go to you," responded Tsin Ming.

"It is I, your stupid younger brother, who would need to bow my head were I to take what you are so generous to offer," responded Lee Chu.

Now while these two little boys were so very polite to each other and seemed so very generous, down deep in their hearts they were not so at all. Each really wanted that part of the sky which was the color of rose. Finally, when they had tried for a long time to make the other say that he would take the purple color, a little old man arose from a buttercup and edged himself between them. "My sons," he said, "for what do you contend?"

The little boys told him.

"Turn your faces to the west," said he.

Tsin Ming and Lee Chu turned to the west.

"What do you see?" asked the old man.

"A dark sky," they answered.

"Even so," returned the old man: "the rose color and the purple and the blue and the gold have all passed away."

Then Tsin Ming and Lee Chu saw how very foolish they had been to quarrel over something which so soon faded from their sight. And yet they were not ready to make up their quarrel, and so each little boy decided to go down the hill by a different way, and to have nothing more to do with the other little boy.

But when they came to draw in their kites, what do you think they found? Why, the strings had become so wound about that they could not pull the two kites down except together.

The old man said he thought it would be cruel to separate the dragon and the fish which had been flying together so long way up there in the sky.

Tsin Ming and Lee Chu thought it all over, and when at last, as they pulled on the long strings, the kites came down side by side, the two boys forgot their quarrel, and down the hill they went side by side.

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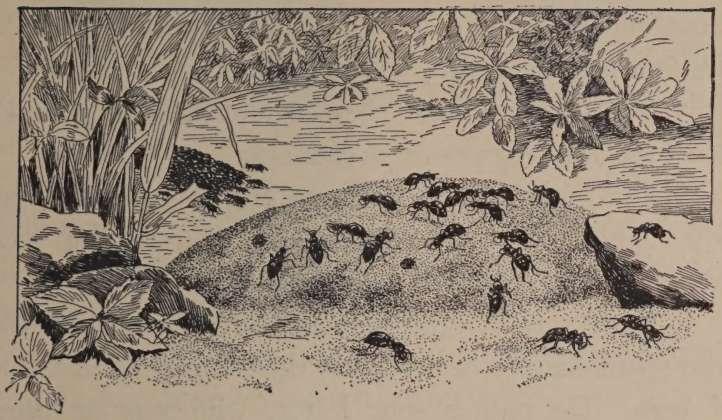

24

ANTS AND THEIR SLAVES

Edward and Uncle Jack were sitting on a bank under some oak trees. Both were reading when all at once Edward jumped and screamed.

"What is it, old man?" said Uncle Jack, looking up from his book.

"Something ran down my leg and bit me," said Edward. "Here it is," turning away his sock, "an ant — a nasty little ant! I'll kill it — I'll stamp that ant hill on the path into nothing, I'll —"

"Not so fast," said Uncle Jack. "I don't imagine the little fellow meant to hurt you. He just got in the wrong place and was scared. He thought, maybe,

some one was going to hurt him. Self-protection is the first law of nature, you know."

"But ants are such useless, foolish little things I don't see why they were ever made."

"You make a mistake in calling them foolish, my boy. They are really very wise and interesting. Let me tell you something I read once.

"There was a noted man in Europe named Huber who spent his life in studying the manners and habits of bees. He had a son, Peter, who was as much interested in ants.

"One day, when walking in the country near Geneva, Peter saw a great stream of reddish-brown ants marching like an army.

"On either side of this column and in the rear a few ran to and fro as if to keep the ranks in order.

"Huber followed them for over ten minutes, and until they came to a stop before an ant hill where a whole colony of small black ants lived.

"Now what do you think took place there, Teddy?

"Why, the black ants tried to keep the red ants from coming in. When they found they were being overpowered, a great many tried to run away, each carrying a baby ant in its mouth.

"Down into the ant hill rushed the red ants! Up they came loaded with the young of the black. Then

they left the hill and marched to their own home.

"Huber rushed after them, scarce believing what his own eyes had shown him. But something more wonderful was yet to come.

"At the entrance of the red ants' community a company of black ants came forward, and received the plunder. They showed every sign of joy at welcoming these children of their own race."

"What did the red ants want the black ants for?" cried Teddy, his eyes big with wonder.

"Huber found that the little black ants did everything. They alone built, cared for the young of both kinds. provided the food and ruled the affairs of the community.

"All the red masters did was to steal and fight. The little black servants even fed the great red fellows at the mouth.

"Huber wanted to see what would happen if the black ants were taken from the red. He put a few into a glass case with a supply of honey in one corner.

"They did not even touch it! Some of them died of starvation in sight of the food. He then put one black ant in the case. He went straight to the honey and fed the great, dying simpletons.

"Huber spent much time studying these wise

little creatures. I have called the black ants the slaves but in many cases they are really masters after all.

"Sometimes the red ants will start out too late in the day or when it threatens rain. The black ants will follow them and make them return into the city.

"If they come back from a raid without any children the little black ants will not let them enter. They have been even seen forcing them to return, as it were, taking them by the collar."

"Well, well," said Teddy, "I didn't know ants were so wonderful. Why, they are almost like people, aren't they, Uncle Jack?"

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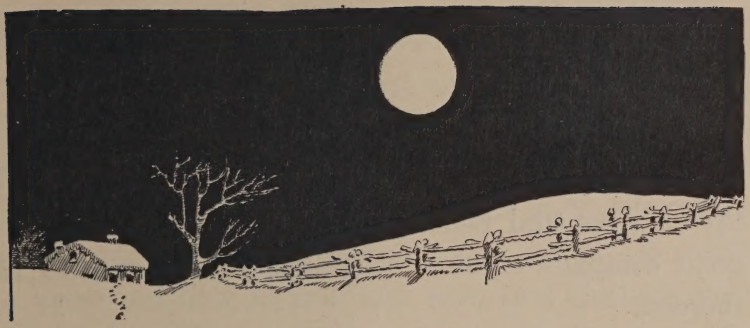

25

SNOWFLAKES

Whenever a snowflake leaves the sky,
It turns and tries to say, "Good-bye!
Good-bye, dear cloud, so cool and gray,"
Then lightly travels on its way.

And when a snowflake finds a tree,
"Good-day," it says; "Good-day to thee,
Thou art so bare and lonely, dear,
I'll rest and call my comrades here."

But when a snowflake brave and meek,
Lights on a maiden's rosy cheek,
It starts! "How warm and soft the day!
'Tis summer!" and it melts away.

MARY MAPES DODGE.

26

ST. FRANCIS AND THE BIRDS

As St. Francis was going on his way he lifted up his eyes and beheld some trees by the way. A great company of birds, well-nigh without number, sat thereon.

St. Francis marvelled and said to his friends, "Ye shall wait here for me upon the way and I will go to preach unto my little sisters, the birds."

And he went unto the field and began to preach unto the birds that were upon the ground. And those that were on the trees flew down to him. They were all still and quiet together until St. Francis made an end of preaching. Not even then did they depart until he had given them his blessing.

The sermon that St. Francis preached to them was after this fashion:

"My little sisters, the birds, much bounden are ye unto God, your Creator. Always in every place ought ye to praise Him.

"He hath given you liberty to fly about and hath given you double and triple raiment. Moreover He preserved your seed in the ark of Noah that your race might not perish from the world.

"Still more are ye beholden to Him for the air

which He hath appointed you for. Beyond this ye sow not neither do you reap and God feedeth you. He giveth you the streams and fountains for your drink.

"He giveth the mountains and the valleys for your refuge, and high trees to build your nests. Because ye know not how to spin and sew, God clotheth you and your children.

"Wherefore your Creator loveth you much, seeing that He hath bestowed upon you so many benefits. My little sisters, beware of the sin of ingratitude and study to give praise to God."

At the last, having ended the preaching, St. Francis gave them leave to go. Then all the birds with wondrous singing rose up in the air.

And one part flew to the east and the other to the west, and one to the north and the fourth to the south. And each part went on its way singing wondrous songs. So the love of the Creator shall be carried to all parts of the earth.

From "The Little Flowers of St. Francis."

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27

MY SHIP AND I

O it's I that am the captain of a tidy little ship,
Of a ship that goes a-sailing on the pond;
And my ship it keeps a-turning all around and all about;
But when I am a little older I shall find the secret out
How to send my vessel sailing on beyond.

For I mean to grow as little as the dolly at the helm,
And the dolly I intend to come alive
And with him beside to help me it's a-sailing I shall go,
It's a-sailing on the water, when the jolly breezes blow,
And the vessel goes a divie-divie-dive.

O it's then you'll see me sailing through the rushes and the reeds,
And you'll hear the water singing at the prow;
For beside the dolly sailor, I'm to voyage and explore,
To land upon the island where no dolly was before,
And to fire the penny cannon in the bow.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

28

THE HEART'S DESIRE

By Sui Sin Far

She was dainty, slender and of waxen pallor. Her eyes were long and drooping, her eyebrows finely arched. She had the tiniest Golden Lily feet and the glossiest black hair. Her name was Li Chung O'Yam, and she lived in a sad palace surrounded by a sad, beautiful, old garden, situated on a charming island in the middle of a lake. This lake was spanned by marble bridges, entwined with green creepers, reaching to the mainland. No boats were ever seen, but the pink lotus lily floated there and swans of wonderful whiteness.

Li Chung O'Yam wore priceless silks and radiant jewels. The rarest flowers bloomed for her alone. Her food and drink were of the finest flavors and served in the purest gold and silver plates and goblets. The sweetest music lulled her to sleep.

Yet Li Chung O'Yam was not happy. In the midst of her palace she sighed for she knew not what.

"She is weary of being alone," said one of the attendants. And he who ruled all within the palace save Li Chung O'Yam said, "Bring her a father."

A portly old mandarin was brought to O'Yam.

She made a humble bow and her father inquired as to her health, but she sighed and was still weary.

"We have made a mistake; it is a mother she needs," said they.

A comely matron, robed in rich silks and waving a beautiful peacock feather fan, was presented to O'Yam as her mother. The lady gave much good advice and wise instruction as to deportment and speech. But O'Yam turned herself on her silken cushions and wished to say good-bye to her mother.

Then they led O'Yam into a courtyard brilliant with lanterns and flaring torches. There were a number of little boys of her own age dancing on stilts. One little fellow, dressed all in scarlet and flourishing a small sword, was pointed out to her as her brother. O'Yam was amused for a few moments, but in a little while she was tired of the noise and confusion.

In despair, they who lived but to please her consulted amongst themselves. O'Yam overhearing them said, "Trouble not. I will find my own heart's-ease."

Then she called for her carrier dove and had an attendant bind under its wing a note which she had written. The dove went forth and flew with the note to where a little girl named Ku Yum, with a face as round as a harvest moon and a mouth like a red vine leaf, was hugging a cat to keep her warm and suck-

ing her finger to prevent her from being hungry. To this little girl the dove delivered O'Yam's message, then returned to its mistress.

"Bring me my dolls and my cats, and attire me in my brightest and best," cried O'Yam.

When Ku Yum came slowly over one of the marble bridges towards the palace wherein dwelt Li Chung O'Yam, she wore a blue cotton blouse, carried a peg in one hand and her cat in another. O'Yam ran to greet her and brought her into the castle hall. Ku Yum looked at O'Yam, at her bright dress, at her cats and her dolls.

"Ah," she exclaimed, "how beautifully you are robed! In the same colors as I. And behold, your dolls and your cat, are they not much like mine?"

"Indeed they are," replied O'Yam, lifting carefully the peg doll and patting the rough fur of Ku Yum's cat. Then she called her people together and said:

"Behold, I have found my heart's desire — a little sister."

And forever after O'Yam and Ku Yum lived happily together in a glad, beautiful, old palace surrounded by a glad, beautiful, old garden, on a charming little island in the middle of a lake.

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29

THE ROCK-A-BY LADY

The Rock-a-by Lady from Hushaby street
  Comes stealing; comes creeping;
The poppies they hang from her head to her feet,
And each hath a dream that is tiny and fleet —
She bringeth her poppies to you, my sweet,
  When she findeth you sleeping.

There is one little dream of a beautiful drum —
  "Rub-a-dub!" it goeth;
There is one little dream of a big sugar-plum,
And lo! thick and fast the other dreams come
Of pop guns that bang, and tin tops that hum,
  And a trumpet that bloweth!

And dollies peep out of those wee little dreams
  With laughter and singing;
And boats go a-floating on silvery streams,
And the stars peek-a-boo with their own misty gleams,
And up, up and up, where the Mother Moon beams,
  The fairies go winging.

Would you dream all these dreams that are tiny and
fleet?
They'll come to you sleeping;
So shut the two eyes that are weary, my sweet,
For the Rock-a-by Lady from Hushaby street,
With poppies that hang from her head to her feet,
Comes stealing; comes creeping.

EUGENE FIELD.

Eugene Field

30

CHRISTMAS EVE IN MEXICO

I.

Fuerna, Mexico,
December 26, 19 —

My dear Kenneth and Molly:

We are thinking of you in this sunny land where the skies are so blue and roses are blooming everywhere in December.

It must be cold in Berkshire just now. Greylock has its snow cap by this time, and you little people have pulled out your greatcoats and mittens. Does doggy Rags wear his blanket — the one with the red rosettes — and is there skating? Your uncle and I find linen and muslin too heavy for Christmas time.

You've been hanging up stockings, singing carols and lighting Christmas trees. Pedro and Dolores would open their dark eyes very wide could they see

a Northern Christmas. You remember I told you some time ago about Pedro and his sister. They are the children of Señor Castillo, the president of the new railroad your Uncle Rex is building.

Dolores is a dear little brown-eyed girl of ten, already a great friend of mine. She has an English governess and is very anxious to speak our language well. She is teaching me Spanish and we help each other every day. I think her careful, grown-up expressions would amuse you. Kenneth would say "she talked like a book."

Pedro, a year younger, is a jolly little rogue full of mischief and fun. He knows some English, but is not anxious to learn more as it is too much trouble. His father is in despair as Pedro will neither learn good English nor speak pure Spanish. His talk is a droll mixture of Spanish "slang" as we would call it, Indian dialect and some American expressions he has picked up and found pleasing.

Dolores hopes to go to school in the North when she is older. Perhaps you will know her at Radcliffe one of these days, Molly. Pedro says he may enter "Harvard to have the jolly time, but *not* to learn the foot-ball." His eyes twinkle when he says this, and he ends by standing on his head.

Se ñor (Sen yor)	Do lo res	ex pres sions
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CHRISTMAS EVE IN MEXICO

II.

I had promised Señora Castillo to drive to the city with her and the children the afternoon of the twenty-fourth. It is very hot here during the middle of the day. Every one keeps under cover and most of us lie in our hammocks and take a nap. Toward sunset, however, a fine breeze comes from the mountains, the world awakes and amuses itself.

When the carriage arrived Pedro sat on the box by the driver. Dolores and the brown Indian nurse Juanita were in the seat facing the Señora and me. The nurse held baby Antonio in her arms, while sweet little four-year-old Carmelina was tucked in between her sister and the nurse.

All the party were in white except Juanita who wore a very gay striped Indian costume of deep rose color, orange, pale green and dark blue with heavy silver ornaments.

The carriage was drawn by two dashing cream-colored horses with long, heavy tails and flowing manes. The harness was gold-mounted with scarlet tassels everywhere. The driver was very fine in his scarlet and cream-colored livery. You should have seen us, children! It was as gay as the coach-and-

four Cinderella's fairy godmother made for her when she went to the king's ball.

We drove about four miles into the city, passing other carriages as fine and gay as ours. We went at once to the cathedral square that was full of little stalls and tables that had been set up there and decorated with flowers and green boughs.

It made one think of the big department stores where you may buy everything from a pin to a piano! There were such heaps of beautiful toys that you could never find in our department stores. Every kind of a creeping or flying creature, dolls dressed in the costume of each province of Mexico, dainty furniture, whistles, drums, musical instruments, tools — some made of horse hair, some of reeds, some of fragrant-smelling wood, and all gilded and painted gaily.

There were flowers of crepe paper that would burst open when touched and a tiny bird or angry little bee would shoot out, make a shrill sound and then fly back. There were fish that would turn from one color into another as they were put in the water. I can't begin to describe all those wonderful toys — and they were as cheap as they were wonderful. Then there were vases, embroideries, altar decorations, fans, jewelry, pictures, laces, scarfs of

silken tissue, masks, inlaid work and other things too numerous to mention.

There were great heaps of fresh fruit and piles of candied fruit that would make any small boy's mouth water. We spent some time walking about looking at things and now and then buying. Finally we went to a café and had orange ices — not indoors but at a table on the terrace.

The band played and hundreds of happy people walked up and down or drove in elegant carriages. It was a scene full of color and life — the deep blue sky overhead, the white walls of the buildings peeping out from green foliage — the glowing sunshine on the red roofs — flowers everywhere and the gay crowd in their light clothing. One could hardly believe it was December and Christmas Eve.

We drove back under a flaming sunset to find your uncle and Señor Castillo on the veranda in their white linen suits and dinner waiting us. After dinner we were invited out into the garden where the trees seemed to have grown a new kind of fruit since our last visit.

I had noticed in the city men going about with bamboo poles over their shoulders just loaded with strange images made of cardboard and wreaths. There were boats, dragons, clowns, dancers, flower baskets and all kinds of animals.

"What do they mean?" I asked Dolores. She looked at her mother smiling, then said in her careful English, "It is that I ask the dear lady to excuse me. It is a secret."

Now I saw that the trees were decorated with various kinds of these images, but they were very fat as if filled with something.

Carmelina was led under one, given a long stick, then blindfolded. She struck the dragon a stout blow and it burst open — a shower of pretty gifts falling to the ground.

You should have seen every one scrambling for them! You should have seen your Uncle Rex and the stately Señor disputing over the same little toy rooster. Pedro told me very earnestly that it was great good luck to be able to get a rooster.

Se ñor a (Sen yor a)	Juan i ta (Wan e ta)
in stru ments	Cas til lo (Cas tel yo)

CHRISTMAS EVE IN MEXICO

III.

Dolores had her turn next, then Pedro. They were very merry as they tried to demolish the Pinetas — for so the quaint images were called. Each one had something really costly and beautiful as well as many of the little toys — just for fun.

"This was our secret, dear lady," said Dolores. "You will not think it ungracious that I did not tell."

After our fun in the garden was over we returned to the great drawing room where an altar had been erected. Before it stood Father Gabriel in his robes, and the entire family to the least servant had assembled.

Baby Antonio was there, laughing at the bright lights and trying to reach the candles with his dear little hands. Mass followed, then we formed a procession, each grown person holding a lighted candle. Pedro, for once sober of face, carried an image of Joseph and Dolores held one of Mary.

We walked from the lower part of the house to the attic, now and then trying some closed and locked door. Dolores would say in her sweet voice, "Is there no room for the parents of Jesus here?" One

of her cousins replying, "The Inn is full, for there are many strangers in the town."

At last we came out on the flat roof of the house that was lighted by rows of lamps and candles. A tiny stable had been erected in one corner. We could look through the open door and see the Christ Child in His manger with the animals standing about. There were lambs in the field outside and pretty, twinkling stars in the made-up sky above, and shepherds running to the manger.

Dolores and Pedro laid Joseph and Mary in their places with a tender care. Then all the children present joined in a beautiful hymn.

A silence followed — then the church bells rang the midnight hour. The older people shook hands, exchanged greetings, and the children ran about to kiss every one. Don't you think it was our Merry Christmas after all, even if told in a different way?

Your loving

AUNT EDITH.

Pi ne tas (Pe na tas)

31

SELLING TIMOTHY TITUS

"Dear me," said mother, "I can't think of having four cats in the house all winter."

"I should say you couldn't," laughed father; "you will have to give them away."

But there was the old kitty — father himself couldn't think of giving her away. She had been in the house ever since it was built, and there was not a better mouser anywhere. Then there were Toots and Jingle — it did seem a pity to part them, mother could but admit to herself.

They were black and white, and so near alike that you couldn't tell them apart unless you looked at their noses. Toots's nose was black, and Jingle's nose was white.

And then there was Timothy Titus. He was black and white, but a good deal more white than black.

"He is an odd one," laughed mother. "We might give him away first."

But Caroline caught up Timothy Titus. "O-oh," said she, cuddling him close; "he is so cunning and sweet, mother, I can't bear to part with him."

By and by, when the kittens were taking their afternoon nap by the fire, in came Mr. Davis. Mr.

Davis lived on the other side of the river and peddled apples. He looked down at the furry heap, and laughed. "Seems to me you have more than your share of cats," said he. "We haven't got any."

"Caroline may give you one of hers," said mother.

Caroline looked down at her shoes. Mr. Davis could tell which way the wind blew.

"Suppose we make a trade," he said to Caroline. "I'll give you a peck of sweet apples for one of these," and he picked up Timothy Titus.

Caroline looked up. A peck of sweet apples did not grow on every bush. Besides, maybe four cats were too many.

"I — I will, if mother will let me keep Toots and Jingle," she said.

Mother laughed; she did not like to promise. "We will see about it," she said; "three cats are less than four, anyway."

So Mr. Davis measured out a peck of sweet apples and gave them to Caroline. And Caroline hugged and kissed Timothy Titus, and gave him to Mr. Davis, who put him in a basket and tied a bag over him.

"I guess he'll be all right," said Mr. Davis. "Good day," and away rumbled the apple cart.

SELLING TIMOTHY TITUS

II.

But as soon as the apple cart was out of sight, Caroline began to mourn. She stood at the window with a very doleful face, looking across the river at Mr. Davis's big white house. The sky had all at once grown cloudy, and the wind began to blow. And, as if to make a bad matter worse, Toots woke up and flew around the room in a fit.

"It is all because he knows that Timothy Titus is gone," sobbed Caroline, running to hide her head in her mother's lap. "How would I feel if Teddy were given away? And the apples are bitterish, too, and I don't like them. Oh, dear!"

But mother said that perhaps Timothy Titus would come home again. "I've heard of such things," she said. And then she told Caroline a story about a cat who traveled forty miles back to her old home.

"But I don't believe Timothy Titus can," sighed Caroline, but brightening up a little, "because he's over the river, and there isn't any bridge — only the ferry boat. I 'most think he can't."

"Oh, stranger things than that have happened," said mother, hopefully.

But she was as surprised as Caroline was the next

morning. When the kitchen door was opened — what do you think? In walked Timothy Titus, a little bit draggled as to his fur and muddy around his paws!

"Hello!" said father.

"Well, well!" said mother. "Why, Timothy Titus!"

Just at that minute Caroline came running out in her nightgown. She gave one look, and then she snatched Timothy Titus up in her arms.

"Oh, oh!" she screamed, too full of joy to do anything else for a minute. "Oh, you darling cat! How did he get here, mother?"

"I am sure I can't tell," said mother.

Neither could any one else, unless it was the ferryman, who, when father questioned him, said he did think he remembered seeing a little black and white cat sitting under the seat the night before. But he wasn't sure of it, and so Caroline couldn't be.

"Well, Timothy Titus has come back," she said, "and he is going to stay, isn't he, mother? We can give Mr. Davis back his apples."

But Mr. Davis said a trade was a trade, and he wasn't going to take back the apples. And Timothy Titus stayed!

YOUTH'S COMPANION.

grieved meas ured snatched

32

LITTLE BLUE PIGEON

Sleep, little pigeon, and fold your wings —
  Little blue pigeon with velvet eyes;
Sleep to the singing of mother-bird swinging —
  Swinging the nest where her little one lies.

Away out yonder I see a star —
  Silver star with a tinkling song;
To the soft dew falling I hear it calling —
  Calling and tinkling the night along.

In through the window a moonbeam comes —
  Little gold moonbeam with misty wings,
All silently creeping, it asks, "Is he sleeping —
  Sleeping and dreaming while mother sings?"

But sleep, little pigeon, and fold your wings —
  Little blue pigeon with mournful eyes;
Am I not singing? — see, I am swinging —
  Swinging the nest where my darling lies.

EUGENE FIELD.

33

THE STORY OF ST. VALENTINE

I.

In a country across the sea there once stood an old gray house called a monastery. Some good monks lived there and worked for the people about them.

The Father Superior was not only a holy man but a great preacher as well. Whenever he rose in the chapel, all eyes were towards him, all ears listened. He could make the people both laugh and cry.

When Father Angelo preached there was not room for all who would come, so great was his fame.

Brother Gabriel was a great musician, and the organ under his fingers spoke every feeling of the heart. The young Brother Guido sang so beautifully that one almost felt the heavens had opened, and angels were sending their praise to our world.

Still another Brother was wise in the arts of healing, another painted the most wonderful pictures of saints and holy angels, another knew law so well that disputes were brought to him.

Now in this company of the great and wise was one simple man who had neither wisdom nor talent. Brother Valentine could not heal the sick nor could

he paint altar pieces. He had no voice for song, no skill with the keys; he was just sweetly good.

One day as he sat alone in his little cell he began to think sadly within himself.

"I can do nothing for God," he said, "I am but a simple man. Why am I here where every one else serves so grandly?"

The next moment something very strange happened. Valentine heard a voice say, softly but very clearly, "Do the little things, Valentine."

He looked around but there was no visitor in his cell. "I must have dreamed it," he said. But the voice came yet again, "Do the little things, Valentine."

He rose and opened the door but no one was in the corridor. He looked from the window, the garden was vacant.

"It must have been an angel to rebuke me for my sad thoughts," said Valentine. "I can do the little things — some one must."

He took the broom and began to sweep out his cell and before he knew it his sadness had gone.

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monks	re solved	cor ri dor

THE STORY OF ST. VALENTINE

II.

Now Valentine had a little garden plot and he was fond of working in it. The flowers bloomed for him as for no one else.

"What dressing do you use to make your roses so fine?" often inquired other garden-workers.

"Love and care are what I use," Valentine made reply. He plucked little nosegays and dropped them over the wall as the children passed on their way to school. It was a joy to the simple monk to hear the shout "The angels have sent them. We saw them come right down from Heaven."

No little baby was born in the village but a white flower was sent to the mother. No young bride came to the altar but Valentine's sweetest blossoms went with her. And those fair flowers were laid in cold, dead hands, and the sight comforted the living.

If a child had a birthday, he was sure to find outside the door some little gift wrought in mosses or shells, or fruit from Valentine's arbor.

If the good monk went into the village and saw a tiny child weeping, he would pick it up and soothe the hurt. If the boys were quarrelling, his gentle "Peace be with you, my little brothers" was sure

to bring back good feeling. So wherever he went little hands tugged at his habit and the grown folk said:

"There is the good Valentine. He brings the sunshine with him."

He grew into a peaceful old age. They say he was made a bishop, but I love best to think of him in the old gray monastery doing the little things.

So when his time came and the churchyard received that gentle dust, people came from far and near to lay a flower on the grave of one whom high and low loved.

But the hearts of the village people were sore with tender longing. "Let us keep his memory green," they said, "that our children's children may not be ignorant of him."

So on the birthday of this gentle, loving soul they sent little letters and gifts to one another.

From that time to this when the Fourteenth of February comes around we remember the good St. Valentine who made holy the little things.

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34

FOR MEMORIZING

Galloping, galloping, galloping in,
Into the world with a stir and a din,
The north wind, the east wind, the west wind together,
Inbringing, inbringing the March's wild weather.

CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

O March is a tricky fellow,
A tricky, troublesome sprite;
He will be as mild as a lamb by day,
And as fierce as a lion by night.

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

Lo! the winter is past, the rain is over and gone.

The bluebird knows it is April, and soars toward the sun and sings.

EBEN EUGENE REXFORD.

April cold with dripping rain
Willows and lilacs brings again.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

The flowers appear upon the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come again.

CANTICLES.

May is here!
The air is fresh and sunny;
And the miser bees are busy
Hoarding golden honey.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

O ye Showers and Dew, bless ye the Lord; praise Him and magnify Him forever.

O all ye Green Things upon the earth, bless ye the Lord: praise Him and magnify Him forever.

BENEDICTE.

May hath the bud, and the bee, and the dove.

EDWIN ARNOLD.

35

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

Act 1, Scene I.

(Two fairies meet, each reading a letter.)

Fairy Diamond: Good morning, Ruby, I see you have a letter also, an invitation to the Christening Feast, no doubt.

Fairy Ruby: Yes indeed, dear Diamond. How happy every one must be with our good Queen and King.

Diamond: You may well say that, Ruby. For years their majesties have longed for nothing so much as a child of their own.

Ruby: Yes, yes! I have heard the Queen say more than once that she would give every jewel she possessed for one little laughing daughter.

Diamond: Our King has also said, that a son or a daughter would be even more to him than his kingdom.

Ruby: Now this wish has been granted and a darling princess sleeps in the royal nursery. Every man, woman and child in the kingdom is mad with joy.

Diamond: Each fairy within our borders will no doubt be asked to give her a fairy gift. She will have all of good that fairy hearts may bestow.

Ruby: We shall meet at the feast, so fare you well, dear sister.

(Makes a low bow.)

Diamond: Fare you well, dear Ruby. Our next meeting will be one long to hold in memory.

maj es ties mem o ry pos sessed

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

Act 1, Scene II.

(The six fairies are seated at the banquet table with the King and Queen at the head. A golden plate is before each guest.)

King: Beloved ladies, I trust that these poor gifts find favor in your eyes. The best artist in the kingdom has given his skill to them.

Fairy Pearl: They are indeed most beautiful, Sire, but even they but faintly reflect your gracious and kingly heart.

Queen: I, too, think them more than beautiful. They are almost as bright as mirrors. I have been amusing myself by gazing at my own face in them. (Takes up a plate and looks in it, laughing.) But

what a silly old woman I am! I have a daughter, yet behave as foolishly as any child.

King: You could not be old, my dear, were you mother of a dozen. But here comes the baby.

(Enter nurse, carrying child in her arms.)

Now, ladies, tell us! Is not our little Rose-Marie a fine child?

Ruby: What a bright face! Already she seems to notice.

Diamond: What a fine head! She will rule you one of these days, Sire.

King: She does already — the witch! I was due in the Council Chamber to-day — and my Prime Minister found me — guess where? In the nursery counting the toes of my Princess!

(Fairies, Queen and King laugh. Ha! ha! ha! ha!)

King: But what is that noise? It sounds like some one thumping on the hall floor.

(Outside. Thump-thump-thump-thump. Door bursts open and in comes an ugly old fairy leaning on a crutch.)

Diamond: Malo, I declare!

Pearl: Why, I thought she was dead! No one has seen her for twenty years.

King (going to meet her, offers his arm): My dear madam, how good of you to come! Where have you

kept yourself all this time? We feared you were dead as no one could find out anything about you.

Malo (growling): Not much you cared!

King: Come — I pray you sit down, madam. You are most welcome. We are sorry there is no gold plate for you, but a whole silver service shall be brought.

Malo: I won't eat unless I have a gold plate like the others! Don't you laugh at me, you minx! (She boxes the ears of Emerald who sits next to her.)

Emerald (half crying and rubbing her ear): Why, Malo, I never thought of such a thing; I wouldn't be so rude. Here, take my plate.

King: Come, come, ladies! We must have no tears on this joyful occasion.

Why, our darling Princess is afraid. See her tiny face quiver!

(Nurse hushes the child.)

Pearl (to herself): Malo means mischief. I'll slip behind this curtain and be the last one to wish. (Hides.)

Diamond: As head of the fairies in this kingdom I will give the Princess her first gift. She shall have the kindest and best heart in the world, full of good will for every one.

Ruby: She shall have the best disposition, full of

happiness. She will be the sunshine of your kingdom, Sire.

Emerald: I give her a body that is strong and well, knowing neither ache nor ail.

Opal: She is to be the most beautiful Princess in the world with a voice like music, and the grace which is more than fairy-like.

Sapphire: She shall be the wisest Princess in the world. Her lessons will be play for her.

Malo (growling): You think a good deal of your Princess, but I tell you that when she is sixteen she shall prick her finger with a spindle and drop dead!

Queen: No! no! no!

(Pearl steps out from behind the curtain.)

Pearl: No, she shall not die, wicked fairy! She shall only sleep for one hundred years when the true Prince shall come and awaken her.

King: She shall not sleep! I command that every spindle in my kingdom be broken and no more made.

ban quet quiv er
minx dis po si tion
oc ca sion

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

Act 2.

(A room where an old woman sits spinning. Princess Rose-Marie enters.)

Rose-Marie: What a funny little room! Why did I never see it before? I was walking in the corridor and opened a door I did not remember. I went up some steep, twisted stairs and here I am. But what are you doing, Dame?

Old Woman: I am spinning, your highness.

Rose-Marie: What pretty work! Let me try. (Takes the spindle in hand and pricks her finger.) Oh! (falls down as if dead).

(Voice in corridor) Rose-Marie, where are you? (King and Queen rush in.)

Queen (wringing her hands): Our darling is dead!

(Fairy Pearl appears.)

Pearl: No, not dead, but asleep. Carry her to her bed and leave her there. I will put every one in the palace to sleep and when the hundred years are over all shall awake with her.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

Act 3.

(Princess lies asleep on her bed. King asleep in his chair — Queen asleep sitting before her mirror. Maid asleep combing Queen's hair. Nurse asleep sewing on the gown of the Princess. Page asleep kneeling to hand King his cup. The Prince walks in and looks about.)

Prince: What they told me is true then. They said I would find a palace full of people asleep. I had a jolly time getting in! Those thorns were tough as well as sharp, but I carved my way through. (Waves his sword.)

Why, what is this? (Walks up to the Princess and looks at her.) Is she really alive, or just a beautiful statue?

That hand of hers — can it be true flesh and blood or tinted marble? I'll try it and see. (Kneels and kisses the hand. Princess opens her eyes, smiles and sits up.)

Rose-Marie: Is that you, my Prince? I've been waiting *such* a long, long time!

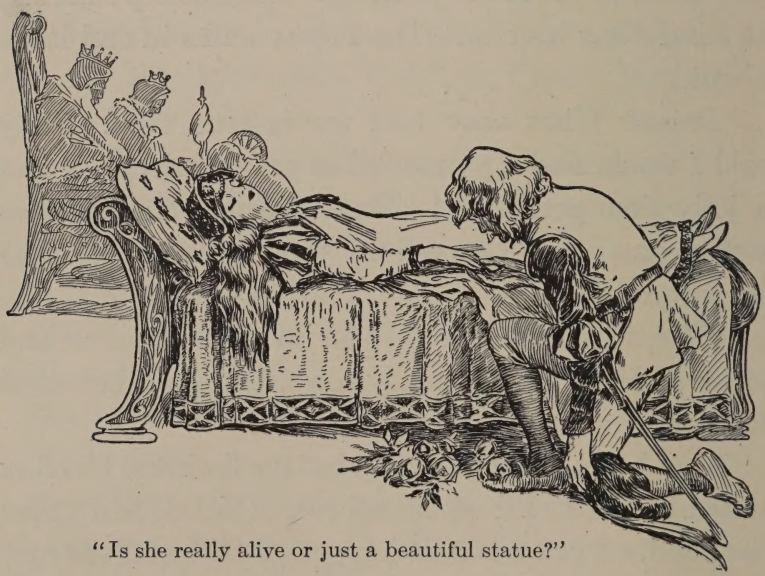
(Everything else has awakened. The King takes the cup from the page and drinks.)

King: Bless me! what a nap I've had. Why, my beard has grown down into my lap.

(Maid combs Queen's hair. Nurse goes on sewing.)

Queen: Softly, softly, my good Jacinta. I am not as young as I once was, and can ill afford to lose what hair I have left.

Maid (curtseying): I pray your pardon, Lady Queen.



"Is she really alive or just a beautiful statue?"

(Rose-Marie and Prince come forward hand in hand.)

Rose-Marie: Father dear, are you not glad our long sleep is over? Thank this gracious Prince who has come to break the spell.

King: Sleep? sleep? I had forgotten. Yes — the hundred years. Have we indeed slept a hundred years? If that is so you are a hundred-fold welcome, Prince. As our guest the best our kingdom affords is none too good for you.

(Six fairies enter.)

The fairies:

The wicked spell is broken,
The hundred years are o'er,
And you shall live in plenty,
And joy forever more.

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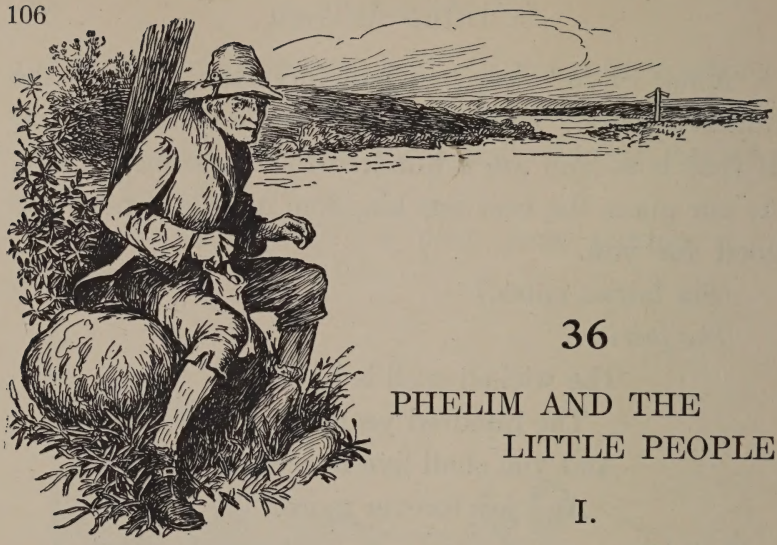

36

PHELIM AND THE LITTLE PEOPLE

I.

There once lived in a little village of dark Donegal an honest man named Phelim. Now Phelim had a tidy little house, a bit of land and four cows. Of course there were any number of fat pigs in his sty, and more ducks, geese and hens walked about the barn-yard than you could easily number.

Every Friday Phelim went to the market town to carry his eggs, butter and cheese which never failed to bring a good price. One day he drove in a fine fat cow which he sold for four pieces of gold. As he was returning he grew tired and sat down to rest for a little while. It was at the meeting place of four roads where a cross stood; Phelim dropped down on the steps of this cross with a sigh of relief.

"It's a good bargain I have made this day," said the honest man, taking out his money bag. What do you think he found, children? Why, it was just this — an extra gold piece had been given him by mistake!

He got up and walked a few steps back toward the town, then stopped. Why did Phelim stop? Down deep in his heart he wanted that gold piece, though he would have been angry had any one said so.

"It's growing dark," said Phelim, "and it's tired that I am. Sure, Molly almost pulled the arms out of me leading her in. I'll go home now, to-morrow will do as well." So Phelim went home but he did not tell his good wife Noreen about the gold piece. He tied it in an old rag and stuck it up under the thatch.

The next day there came a heavy rain and Phelim was tired — too tired to tramp all those miles in the mud. Of course he could not go Sunday, and on Monday his landlord sent for him. Tuesday he was busy about his own place, so he said to himself, "The week is a-wearin' away so fast I'd best wait until Friday when go I must."

So Phelim went to the market town on Friday, the gold hidden away in his shirt, but he took care not to come near the farmer who had bought Molly. "If he asks me about it I'll give it back," said Phelim to himself. But the farmer said nothing and the gold

went home again with the one who was already a thief.

Now Phelim had begun to love the shining gold, not for what it could do, but for its own sake. He longed for more gold, and a change began to work its evil spell in the heart once so simple and honest.

He became what we would call a close man. Everything must be sold and turned into money. Not a drop of cream nor scarce an egg would he let Noreen and the children have. His poor wife and little ones grew thin and pale. How else could it be when they had less and less to eat? When the stocking up under the thatch became heavy, to the bank it would go, that the silver and copper might be turned into gold.

Meanwhile the children wore their old clothes until they were in rags. When all the other women and children showed a new frock or ribbon on Easter Phelim's children often could not attend church at all.

As for Phelim he left off going entirely. If he saw Father Larry coming toward him on the road, he would drop down behind the hedge so as not to be seen. If the good man knocked at their door Phelim would not let any one open it. The love of the gold had gotten into his blood and he was indeed a "changed man."

Phe lim sigh
Don e gal en tire ly

PHELIM AND THE LITTLE PEOPLE

II.

Now Phelim was adding to his store every little while. He kept the money in little bags under the thatch. Sometimes on a Sunday he would take them away up among the hills where he could count his money undisturbed.

One day he thought some one was spying upon him and was in a great fright. After this he put all his money in the bank but he made himself out to be a very poor man.

Suppose the neighbors were trying to raise a sum to buy a cow for the Widow McNeary — not a penny would Phelim give. "It's sorry for the poor woman that I am," he would say, "if I ever had an extra penny I'd gladly share it with her. But the times are hard and a man must look after his own."

So the years went by and one day, very suddenly, poor Noreen died. She had been ailing but Phelim would not see it. He would neither call in the doctor nor give her the good food she needed.

For a time Phelim was like a wild man, then he became sterner and more silent than ever. His children grew up in fear of him, and home was a sad place indeed.

Now Eileen, his first born, was to marry Owen Coyne, the best lad in the parish. He was a hard-working young fellow with the chance of a little farm, but he needed the ready money to stock it.

Eileen with many tremblings asked her father to help them. "What do you think I am, girl?" shouted Phelim in a rage. "How can I give you money, I, a poor man?"

Time went on when Phelim thought of renting and stocking the farm that lay next to his. "It will make me a rich man," he said, gleefully, to himself.

So one day he went to the market town to get his money. It was given him in four canvas bags which he tucked away in his four pockets — two on a side. When Phelim came to the cross at the four roads he sat down to rest. It was after sundown and a very sweet evening. He drew out the bags and looked around, but no one was in sight. He poured out the gold on the stone and counted it over and over. He let it fall in a stream through his fingers and loved its ring and clink.

After a time, growing weary of his play, he filled the bags and began stowing them away again. The third was safe, but when he reached out his hand for the fourth it was not there! Phelim searched the stone and the ground about him. He even took out the bags

again and counted them. The fourth could not be found. Still no one was in sight. The four roads stretched away silent — lifeless.

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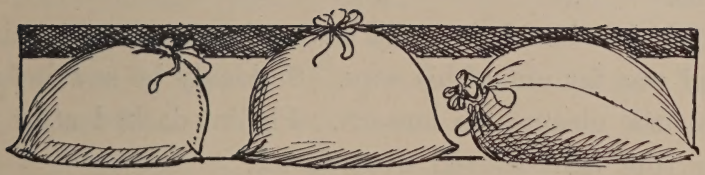
Ei leen (I leen)



PHELIM AND THE LITTLE PEOPLE

III.

Phelim felt cold and his hair began to rise! "Well, I have the three left, anyway," he said, "and it won't be Phelim Maguire who will take them out again."

There was a titter in the air as if it were full of fine little voices. Phelim started in terror. "It's the Little People," he gasped, "but I'll be ahead of them," and he started on his road.

Now the night came down and Phelim could scarce see his way. He walked and walked, but no village lights twinkled like so many stars against the dark hills.

At last he felt he must have taken a wrong turning and was far out of his way. Suddenly he saw before him the gleam of a lantern. Phelim dashed after it, but the light moved even faster.

"Wait! wait! man," shouted Phelim. "What's the way to Ballyhoe?"

"Straight ahead, follow the light!" came the reply. So Phelim followed, only to find himself up to his knees in the bog!

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed a chorus of fine little voices. "Go home, Phelim! Go home, honest man!" As Phelim floundered in the bog he felt a second bag

leap from his pocket. He heard it sink with a splash into the water. "Well, I've the two left," he thought, "and that will be more than any other man has in all Ballyhoe."

Once more upon the road, the moon bursting from a cloud showed him his own village. "You'll not get the other bags, Little People," he called out, "for Phelim will keep his hands over his pockets." So Phelim started on a run. "Clink, clink, clink!" came after his every step.

"And is it running that you are, Little People? Well, run on; but Phelim it is who will be even with you."

Trot — trot,— clink — clink,— trot — trot,— clink — clink, — trot, — clink, — trot, — clink! At last he stopped out of breath. He put his hand down in his left pocket but no bag was there! More than that he felt a great rent in the bottom. It was the clink of his own gold that Phelim had heard!

Phelim drew out the last bag and opened it. It held simply dead leaves.

"God forgive me! I've been a wicked man," he cried out in agony of soul. Then he saw a little glitter and pulled out a piece of gold. All that was left to him was the one coin of his undoing.

Phelim looked at it for a moment, then started for

the village. He did not seek his own home, but went straight to Father Larry's. The priest had just returned from a deathbed. He was cold, weary and hungry, but his heart sang when he saw Phelim. And Phelim told his story with many sighs and groans. "I've been a bad man," he said, "I've sold myself for the gold. Now I've lost it all — all save the first piece. The man is dead whom I wronged, but I will go this very night and repay it to his son." As Phelim spoke he felt his pockets grow heavy again. He pulled out the bags and each was filled to the brim with the shining gold.

"It's God's gold now, take it, Father Larry, for the church," and he pressed the bags into the priest's hands. Father Larry looked at him for a moment, love and compassion in his old eyes.

"It is God's gold," he said gently, "and because it is God's gold we will give it where it is due. The church will not take your gold, my son. You must use it for your children, who have had no joy in many years. Are there no poor neighbors whom you might have helped? Are there none whom you have oppressed?"

"I will restore two-fold," said Phelim.

"Now praise be to God! He has taken away your heart of stone and given you one of true flesh and blood.

Go home and sleep in peace, my son. But do not forget — there is Eileen; help her to marry her lad! Send Tom to the Trade School."

"I will, I will," cried Phelim, "and Widow McNeary shall have as fine a little fat pig as my sty holds."

"And the warm fires on the hearth, Phelim?"

"They shall just shine, your Reverence!"

"And the cream for the children's porridge on a Sunday?"

"Yellow and thick! sure! sure!"

"And the new frocks, come Christmas, for Kathleen and little Maureen?"

"With new shawls, your Reverence — and an extra feed to every animal on the place!"

So Phelim went home a new man, and heard the Little People's feet as they skimmed after him. But he was no longer afraid. He knew they were his friends now.

After that he was a happy man, and he loved to give even more than he had loved to keep.

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37

THE FAIRIES

I.

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We dare not go a-hunting
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather.

Down along the rocky shore
Some make their home;
They live on crispy pancakes
Of yellow tide foam;
Some in the reeds
Of the black mountain lake,
With frogs for their watch dogs,
All night awake.

By the craggy hillsides,
Through the mosses bare,
They have planted thorn trees
For pleasure here and there;

Is any man so daring
As dig them up in spite?
He shall find their sharpest thorns
In his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

38

FOR MEMORIZING.

June! dear June! now God be praised for June.
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Like the swell of some sweet tune,
Morning rises into noon,
May glides onward into June.
H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.
ST. MATTHEW.

We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing
That skies are clear and grass is growing.

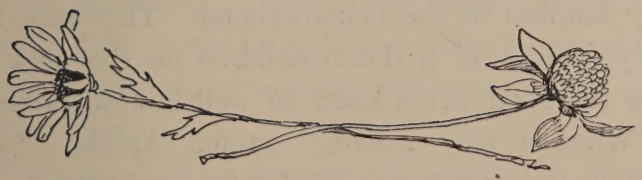
LOWELL.

Fourth of July
The Blossoms wake at Four o'clock,
Their little pistils all a-cock.
They blow their noisy Trumpet Flowers,
Flags wave, and Blue-Bells ring for hours.

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN.

Buttercups nodded and said, "Goodbye!"
Clover and daisy went off together,
But the fragrant water lilies lie
Yet moored in the golden August weather.

CELIA THAXTER.



39

THE HOUSE BY THE ROCK

I.

"Have you taken Kenneth to Pork Lane, yet?" asked Aunt Helen one bright December morning.

"Why no! we haven't had time," replied Archie. "We might as well go to-day. We'll all ride and the dogs may come, too."

"Why is it called 'Pork Lane'?" asked Kenneth as they left the village behind.

"I'm sure I don't know!" replied Archie. "Do you, my wise brother Thomas?"

Thomas smiled — he was used to his lively mate.

"I asked Cousin James Draper that question once. He told me that in old times our great-great-grandfather settled there. But his was only one of a good many families in the neighborhood. They raised big hearty families of a dozen children on the pork and beans the good wives knew so well how to prepare."

"What a silly reason," sniffed Archie. "They might just as well have called it 'Bean Lane.'" The little dogs barked loudly to show that they agreed.

Pork Lane was just a country road that strayed along over the lesser hills. The great mountain wall

rose very near on one hand. On the other was a sweep of valley land with its chain of lakes and winding river. Then came the mountains on the southern side.

It was a fine day with a cloudless sky. A crisp breeze kissed their faces and set all the red-brown oak leaves a-flutter.

"Here we are at the old house," said Thomas. "We'll ride in and tie our nags to the hen-yard fence."

Kenneth saw before him a gray story-and-a-half house. Its windows were full of many tiny panes. It looked very, very old. There was a well at one side with a long sweep.

"Why do we stop here?" said Kenneth.

"Because this is the house our great-great-grandfather built and lived in," replied Thomas.

The boys jumped from their ponies and tied them to the hen-yard fence. Dandy pulled at his check and gave a loud whinny.

"He wants an apple — the little rascal!" said Archie. "He never forgets that when he comes here, and he always gets one when there are any. Let's go to the Caleb tree."

The boys ran to the orchard and began to search in the brown grass.

"Why does he call it the 'Caleb' tree?" whispered Kenneth.

"Because all the first trees were named for the children of the family," replied Thomas. "There's a Russell and a Lois, and a Lydia tree, and more, too."

THE HOUSE BY THE ROCK

II.

After some searching they found an apple for each horse. They were more or less dried and wrinkly, but the little nags ate them with relish.

"Wish we could get in," said Thomas, "it is such a queer old place." Archie smiled in a superior way.

"It's as easy as rolling off a log. You come along with me." He led the way to a window from which he drew a nail, then easily pushed it up.

The boys crawled over the sill and found themselves in a low kitchen. The floor was very uneven, the walls time-stained. There were heavy beams overhead.

One side of the room was filled by a great brick oven.

Thomas opened the door to show the big space where the cakes, pies, loaves of bread and pots of beans were placed, after it had been heated.

"They didn't bake every day," said Thomas,

"but when they did, it was a great time for the youngsters. Every one had to bring so many arms full of wood, cut just the right length."

"That's so," said a voice behind them.

The boys jumped, for a tall, white-haired old man stood before them.

"Why, Cousin James Draper, how did you get in?" cried Archie.

"Where boys' legs can go I guess mine can," said the old man smiling.

"I saw the window open. I was just coming from the Rock. George drove me up but has gone down the road a little way on an errand.

"When I was a boy I often helped bring firewood for this very oven," went on Cousin James. "Here I've heard my grandfather tell many stories of the old life, when he first came up through the wilderness from Roger Williams's Colony."

THE HOUSE BY THE ROCK

III.

"This was not the first house, boys. The first was a log cabin built across the street very near where the old barn stands.

"Your great-great-grandfather came with his wife and children through the unbroken woods. Their household goods were on an ox-team which the men drove, walking by the side. The wife rode on horseback carrying the baby in her arms. The other children took turns riding on the load.

"There were no roads after leaving the Connecticut River — just trails blazed by the earliest settlers and hunters."

"It couldn't have been a very fast journey," said Kenneth thoughtfully.

"No, indeed, it was a very slow one and full of danger, sometimes. Once when the way was more rough than usual the wife found herself far ahead. She waited and listened for the sound of the lumbering ox-wagon. She called her husband's name again and again in vain.

"The night came on and she heard the voices of hungry wolves howling in the forest. The horse was terror stricken and would go no farther. Was the mother, then, overcome?

"She got down and tied the horse. Then she gathered knots of wood and piled them in a circle high about herself, horse and baby. This wood she set on fire, adding more whenever the flames died down.

"There was no rest for the brave woman. The little baby slept sweetly through the long hours in spite of the heat and noise.

"At dawn the wolves slunk away.

"Before long the welcome sound of the creaking wagon came like music to the ears of the weary mother."

"Oh!" murmured the children while Kenneth's heart gave a great throb at the brave tale. "That was the kind of stuff our foremothers were made of," added Cousin James.

"After the log house was finished, the family lived in one end and the cattle in the other. The cruel wolves were ready to seize upon them if they had the chance.

"Your great-great-aunt Molly has told me of lying awake many a night and hearing the cattle stamp. Then outside would ring the howls of the wolves, and the pad-pad of their feet sounded for hours about the poor little dwelling.

"Do you see this door into the pantry, boys? You'll notice the hinges are made of wood. They are the work of great-great-grandfather Caleb — iron

hinges were costly and he was what we call a 'handy' man. All these years have they done good service, and they are still in fair condition."

"What are these marks on the wood-work by the sink?" said Archie.

"These are the heights of the children, and here are some of their names, too. Don't you see 'Lois,' 'Amy,' 'Sally'?"

The boys went through the house, climbing the narrow stairs to the rooms above.

Each room had a wainscot of wood coming from the floor half way to the ceiling.

There were big fireplaces with queer little cupboards on either side. In some of the doors were cat-holes for the use of the household puss. In one long, low room Cousin James lifted some covers, showing the boxes built into the house where the wool was kept.

Archie and Thomas had seen and heard about it all many times. To Kenneth it was like a wonder-tale. His mind was deeply stirred. He could see the woman in the forest behind her flaming rampart. He could hear the wolves howling outside that first log hut. And it was the story of his people — his very own!

After leaving the house they went to the Rock, which stood a little to one side.

It was just a huge bit of crag much larger and three times as high as the house.

Trees had rooted in the crevices and a winding path led to the top where there was a fine view up and down the valley.

How the Rock came there and what had thrown it up from the meadow land no one knew.

It had been there many ages before the first settlers came. It would still remain when the present day was no more. What wonder-tales might the old Rock tell, could it only speak!

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40

SNOW WHITE IN THE WOOD

I wonder if the time was May,
When Snow White wandered forth that day,
And found within the forest glade
The little house the dwarfs had made?

I wonder if the birch trees spread
Like tiny banners overhead,
In springtide's soft and fairy sheen
Their fluttering leaves of tender green?

Shy peeping from the wayside grass
Did violets lean to see her pass,
And gentle, woodland creatures dance
Across her path with startled glance?

Oh, had I been a sunbeam bold
I would have touched your locks of gold;
Or if a violet, shy and sweet,
I would have kissed your little feet.

'Twas long ago, within the wood
You strayed, dear Snow White, fair and good;
But still you live with us today,
We love and seek you in our play.

You live a little farther on
Than any road that we have gone;
If we should climb that highest hill,
Beyond it, are you straying still?

KATE LOUISE BROWN.

41

THE DOGS OF ST. BERNARD

I.

"Brother Louis," said little Paul, "I am getting tired. May we not rest awhile?"

The young monk looked at the child by his side, and shook his head. "You must return to the Hospice," he replied kindly. "When you begged to walk with me I said, 'Only a little way.' You have come over four miles, but that is my fault. We were so busy talking of Chiola I forgot that my companion was but a child."

"I hoped we might meet my father returning from Martigny," said Paul. "He left me at the Hospice nearly a week ago. Do you not think he should have come back by this time?"

"We cannot tell what may have kept him," replied Louis, soothingly. "Business may not be done always in a day."

"I know," replied Paul, "my father is often kept by business and I do not worry. But the Pass is such a dreadful place. I have heard so many wild tales of the sudden snowstorms that bury poor travelers."

"Have trust in God, my child," said the young monk gently. "Pray to Him with all your heart that

no harm may come to so good a father. See how blue the sky is! Look at the rainbow the sun's rays paint in that little waterfall. I will rest a moment with you, then you must go back and I, still on. It is my patrol and I must do my duty. Let us talk of cheerful things."

"I wish you were still in Chiola," said Paul. "I miss you every day, our walks, all you taught me of the birds and flowers. This is such an ugly, dreary place. Think of our lovely valley with its green fields and gardens. Why did you ever leave it?"

"Because my Lord called me," said the young monk, simply.

"But it will kill you! You can only live here a few years. Haven't I heard my father tell of the young, strong men who come up here? In ten years if they are still on earth they return to Chiola old men, to live perhaps a little longer in our Hospice."

"It must be the young and strong," said Louis, gently. "The old could not come here at all. It is not so dreary a place, little Paul. There is much to think of as I pace this path. It is a very old road, my child. It is older than the Christian era, itself. Many an army has marched over its stones and many a wild battle has been fought among these peaks.

"The Romans knew it well. They built forts at

every favorable point. Scholars tell us their ruins are to be seen in more than one place. A temple to Jupiter once stood on one of these peaks. Look behind you, my boy! That is a Roman milestone — one of the many that mark the way.

"You have read of Napoleon, Paul. He came through this Pass the May of 1800 with an army of thirty thousand men. It was spring in the lowlands but the Pass was choked with snow and wild storms raged almost daily. Yet the general pushed on and captured Milan. Oh, there is much to think about even in this wild place."

"Is this the highest pass in Europe where there is a Hospice?" inquired Paul. "The Hospice of Santa Maria in the Stelvio Pass is fifty-four feet higher than ours," replied Louis.

"And I suppose as bare and wild and unlovely," said Paul with a shudder. "But I know I should not keep you, I will go back now. I begged my father to let me stay at the Hospice while he was gone, not from love of the Pass, but from love of you."

"And the dogs?" said Louis smiling. "No, not from love of the dogs, even if they are the finest dogs living. Good-bye, dear Brother Louis. God go with you."

"Good-bye, my little Paul. God go with you,

also," said the monk as he laid his hand upon the child's fair curls.

Paul watched the straight young figure until a turn of the path led it from his sight, then he turned back to the Hospice.

Brother Louis had been for several years a curate to Father David in Chiola, and was most dear to the heart of the lonely child. Paul's mother had died in his infancy, and the father was often away from him on his many business trips.

Hos pice (Hos pēze)	in fan cy
Chi o la (Ke o la)	Mar tign y (Mar te ny)
Milan	fa vor a ble

THE DOGS OF ST. BERNARD

II.

Paul walked slowly along, lost in thought, and was surprised when he saw the gray walls of the Hospice rise up before him.

The lad, who wished to know everything, had been told the history of the famous old pile. It had been started in the sixteenth century, and he knew just what

was the oldest part. The church was finished in 1680. What a labor of love to bring all that made it up that wild way from the smiling valley below!

"He said his Lord called him," mused Paul. "Then all, all this work is done from love of the Lord."

He saw the Guest House that had been built in later days, the house for the dogs, the Death House and other buildings. The place had grown since that beginning. It was now quite a settlement.

There was nearly always some one in the Guest House. No charge was made for either board or lodging, but the poor box was in a place plainly to be seen. Seldom if ever a guest departed without leaving his thanks in the shape of money.

When Paul arrived all the dogs were out in the courtyard. He ran joyfully among them, hugging this one, patting that and calling another by name. The Brothers looked on and smiled. It was sweet to see this bit of young life in the dreary Pass.

The sun set and Paul ate his supper. He ran out of doors later and a flurry of new snow struck against his face. He ran across to the church and knelt there. "God, dear God," he prayed, "if my father is out in the storm guide the dogs to him. Save my father! Save all travelers in the storm to-night."

His prayer comforted him and he left the church

and sat quietly before the fire in the great room. An hour went by and the monks began to prepare for their journey out into the howling storm.

"Has Brother Louis returned?" asked Paul of the Superior. "Not yet, my son," replied Father Andrew kindly, "but do not grieve, Little Heart. It is a very wild storm and progress is slow. Half of our band will go toward Martigny, a few toward Chiola. A few will remain here to keep up the fires and see that the soups and blankets are warm. But is it not bedtime, my son?"

"May I not stay here for a while longer?" said the child. "I could never sleep, and perhaps I may even help a little."

"Then remain," said the kind monk, "and pray for us."

"Do you go, too, my Father?" cried the child in wonder. "Surely there are others —"

"Where the good soldiers go must their captain lead," said Father Andrew, gently.

Paul went to the door to see the party set out. The monks carried wines and cordials in their wallets as well as food. Each dog had bound upon him a flask of cordial or hot milk. They set forth with eager barks and yelps, running ahead, the men following more slowly.

Paul went in again for the snow choked and blinded him. As he sat by the fire Brother Joseph came in bending under a load of fagots. Paul jumped up and ran to relieve him. The Brother thanked him feebly.

"You are ill, Brother Joseph," cried the child in alarm. "You should not be here in this wild place. When my father and I return to Chiola, return with us."

"I shall return to Chiola in the spring, if it is God's will," said the monk, gently. Paul turned away to hide his tears, and the hours crept on.

prog ress cord ials

THE DOGS OF ST. BERNARD

III.

Meanwhile the monks were toiling on in their painful way. For some time they had heard no sound from the dogs ahead. Suddenly there came, in a lull of the tempest, a faint, far voice, calling, calling! the voice of distress. But where were the dogs?

The storm grew wilder. It hurled masses of icy sleet in their faces, it froze to their garments. Every step was difficult for their feet were clogged with the

damp snow. The very blood chilled in their veins, but each man drank a little from his flask and pushed on.

Still that cry of distress! "It is the voice of Louis," said Brother Philip hoarsely, "and oh, joy! the dogs! the dogs!" and indeed came that voice of barking, sweeter than sweetest music to the anxious men.

"It is not on the path, it is below by the stream. We must go down." They crept down, stumbling, bruised, blinded by the storm, but the cry came nearer.

"Are you there, Louis?" shouted Philip. "It is I and another," replied the voice. "He is overcome! Hasten!"

In a few moments their lantern lights showed the

form of their brother. He was supporting the body of a man, and the dogs were crowding about.

"I heard the cry and came down here. The dogs were lapping the poor unfortunate. He was almost gone. A little more cordial — there, that is well. He cannot walk, we must bind him upon Barry's back. But how can Barry climb the height with such a burden?"

They bound the man upon the huge dog's back and the upward journey began. They tugged, they pulled, they slipped, but inch by inch they went on in silence, broken only by the voice of the storm and the gasping sighs of the faithful creature.

At last the road was regained and they stopped a moment to rest. The sufferer stirred a little and murmured a few words. "Thank God!" said Philip, giving him a little more cordial. "You also, Louis?"

"Yes, I have need," said the young monk, faintly. "Get on Odo's back for a little way," urged an older brother. "I am better now," said Louis more firmly, "let us go on."

So the party retraced their steps toward the Hospice. "I would sleep, sleep," muttered the stranger. "Courage! we shall soon be there — the storm lessens. Sleep not, it is death."

So cheering and urging they moved on. When the

lights of the Hospice appeared the dogs set up a great barking. As they entered the courtyard a little boy stood in the open door, the glow from the fire touching his fair curls into ruddy gold. "Louis! Louis!" cried the child, throwing his arms about his friend. "I have prayed for you and kept the fire going. My hand has laid every stick."

They brought the stranger into the room where a warm bed and hot water bottles were ready. Paul stepped forward to see the face, then gave a great cry!

The father opened his tired eyes and gazed at him. "Saved! saved!" he murmured, trying to lift a feeble hand.

The child sprang to his breast. "Thank God for the Hospice," he sobbed. "It is Heaven's place after all! Thank God for the Hospice and the dogs of St. Bernard!"

dis tress hoarse

42

DANDELION

A dandelion in a meadow grew,
Among the waving grass and cowslips yellow;
Dining on sunshine, breakfasting on dew —
He was a right contented little fellow.

Each morn his golden head he lifted straight
To catch the first sweet breath of coming day;
Each evening closed his sleepy eyes to wait
Until the long, dark night had passed away.

One afternoon in sad, unquiet mood,
I paused beside this tiny bright-faced flower,
And begged that he would tell me, if he could,
The secret of his joy through sun and shower.

He looked at me with open eyes, and said —
"I know the sun is somewhere shining clear;
And when I cannot see him overhead,
I try to be a little sun right here."

WILLIS BOYD ALLEN.

43

A DANDELION STORY

One day in spring I went out to walk with my teacher. She carried a large basket and I had a trowel.

"I want a plant with a bud that lies on the ground," said Miss Norton. We hunted until we found one that just suited her.

She took the trowel and began to dig about the plant. I noticed that she dug in a circle a few inches from the dandelion. She dug a long while until I said, "Why don't you pull it up, Miss Norton?"

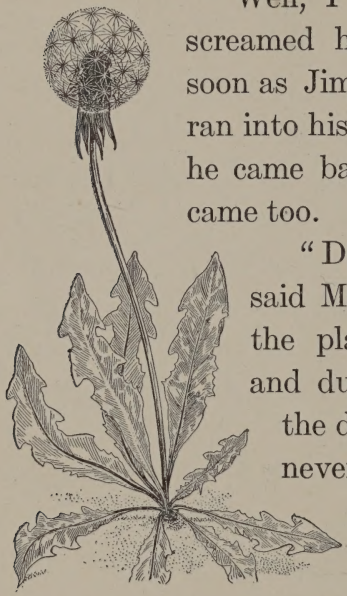
"I want to get the whole root," replied my teacher. "If I am not very careful I may break it off. Dandelion roots grow very deep.

"There is one long root, called the tap-root, that fastens it firmly in the soil. But there are other thread-like rootlets growing from the tap-root also. Milly, this trowel will not do; I ought to have a spade."

"Perhaps Jimmy Prescott can get you one," I said, "we are near his house. Yes, there he is chasing his donkey."

Jimmy Prescott's donkey was usually running away and Jimmy was usually chasing it. If he was late at school he would say, "You see, my donkey got out of his field and I had to catch him and put him back."

One day he had no handkerchief, and he said his donkey chewed it up.



Well, I ran to Jimmy's house and screamed hard to make him hear. As soon as Jimmy knew what I wanted he ran into his barn and got a spade. Then he came back with me, and the donkey came too.

"Don't let him get too near," said Miss Norton, "he may step on the plant." She took the spade and dug while Jimmy and I chased the donkey to keep him away. I never saw anything like that donkey. He was bound to see what we were doing. He ran around in a circle, and I kept him off with a stick on one side and Jimmy on the other. Miss Norton laughed until she could hardly hold the spade, it was so funny!

At last she got the plant up and a lot of dirt with it. Jimmy looked into the hole in great surprise. "Does it take all that trouble to get just one dandelion root?" he said. "This one looks as if it had started for China."

We put dirt and all carefully into the basket and

went to the schoolhouse. Miss Norton found a large flower pot in which our Christmas tree had been planted. She put the dandelion plant in it with great care, gave it some water and then we went home.

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A DANDELION STORY

II.

The next day when I reached the schoolhouse the children were looking at the dandelion plant.

Its green leaves were spread out in a circle like a rosette. The fat green bud in the middle was like a button. In a day or two the bud stood higher. It was really on a little stem. Each day this stem grew longer, but the bud did not open.

"Why doesn't it open?" we asked Miss Norton. "It will soon," said our teacher. "The bud is wise in its own way. It has something very dear in its heart. It will not open until its seed-children are nearly ready to go out into the world."

Miss Norton was right and the bud opened that very morning. It was the brightest, prettiest dandelion! We looked at it and talked about it. We found out many lovely things we had never known before.

The blossom began to fade and little silky threads pushed up. One day our blossom had gone. In its place was a lovely, downy ball of fluff.

We have found many like it in the grass. Do you know how to find out if your mother wants you? Well, you blow on the fluff three times as hard as you can. If you blow away all the fluff your mother doesn't want you. If three seeds are left she wants you at three o'clock; if five seeds, at five. But you can't always tell. One day I blew all the fluff away, and played until supper time.

It was a hot day and mother decided to have some ice cream at supper, but there was no one to send, because they couldn't find me. I got home too late to go, so it isn't always safe to trust the dandelion fluff.

That day at school was very warm, too, and all the windows were open. "Look! see the dandelion," cried one of the boys. The wind had stirred the fluff ball, and many of the silky threads had blown away. We saw them float out of the window. When recess time came only two were left and our dandelion was a poor little bald head.

We know now that a tiny seed was at the end of each bit of fluff. The mother plant had grown the fluff so that her seed-children could be carried out into the world on pretty wings.

I remember now to have seen such seeds floating in the air both in the spring and fall. That is why we find dandelions and other common flowers in so many places.

O voyager a-sailing
  Across the stainless blue!
O happy little traveler!
  I long to go with you;
To dance beneath the sunshine
  One golden summer hour,
Then seek the brown earth's waiting breast,
  And some day be a flower.

KATE LOUISE BROWN.

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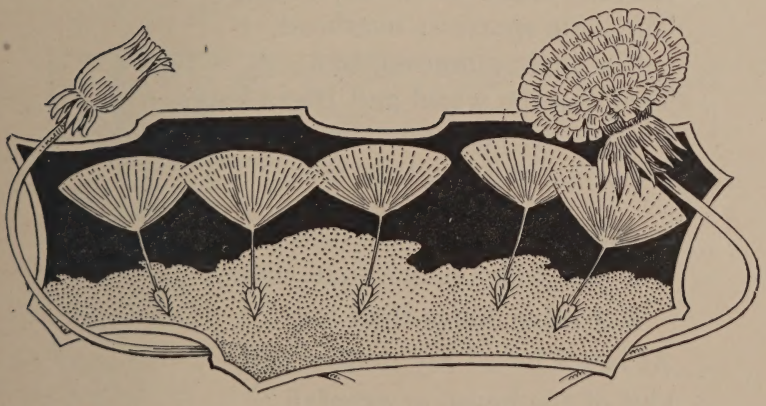

44

MY KINGDOM

Down by a shining water well,
I found a very little dell,
  No higher than my head.
The heather and the gorse about
In summer bloom were coming out,
  Some yellow and some red.

I called the little pool a sea;
The little hills were big to me;
  For I am very small.
I made a boat, I made a town,
I searched the caverns up and down,
  And named them one and all.

And all about was mine, I said,
The little sparrows overhead,
  The little minnows, too.
This was the world and I was king;
For me the bees came by to sing,
  For me the swallows flew.

I played there were no deeper seas,
Nor any wider plains than these,
  Nor other kings than me.
At last I heard my mother call,
Out of the house at evenfall,
  To call me home to tea.

And I must rise and leave my dell,
And leave my dimpled water well,
And leave my heather blooms,
Alas! and as my home I neared,
How very big my nurse appeared,
How great and cool the rooms!

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

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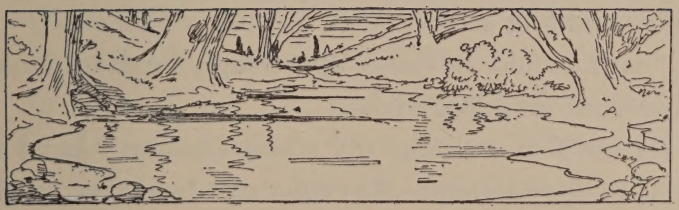


45

THE GOOD OLD TIMES

"Cousin James Draper is coming to spend the week with us," said Aunt Helen one morning at the breakfast-table.

"Now I'll get some help on my cabinet," said Archie.

"And we'll have some stories," cried Babs, gleefully.

When the children came home from school they found the dear old man in the big chair by the fire.

Aleck at once begged for a true story.

"Here is one of the good old times. A young man came from the Connecticut settlement to this region," began Cousin James. "He took up some land and set about building a house."

"How could he take up enough land to build a house on?" inquired Babs.

"I see I must make my words plainer. Land was given to the settlers. To 'take up' land was to clear it, build some kind of a house and plant things.

"Now this young man was not married, but he hoped soon to be. There was a sweet girl in Connecticut who had promised to leave her home and make a new one with him in the wilderness.

"James — for that was his name — was going to build a log house and a shed for his cattle, and get some land cleared and planted. Then he was going back to his old home for his Sally.

"James found a place by the brookside where he wanted to build a house.

"It was in a little clearing where the sun would fall pleasantly all day. Still the forest was close at hand to shelter them from the winter winds.

"James thought of the garden Sally would make by the brookside, and set to work with a light heart.

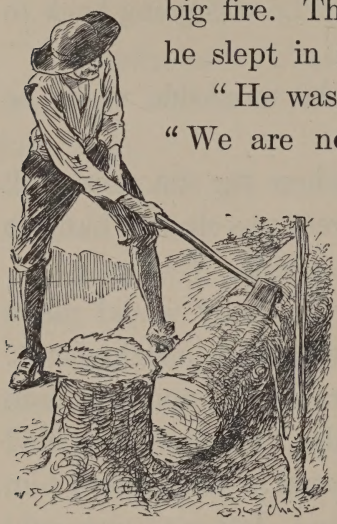
"But some of his neighbors called, and told him of the road they were to build, and how they had planned to have it follow the brook. They asked him if he would choose another place. James at once said that he would build higher up beyond the brook.

"When night came he made a kind of hammock of pine boughs and built a great fire.

"In spite of the fire, the hungry wolves prowled nearer and nearer and he slept little. How could he with those fierce yells in his ears, and those shining eyes gleaming like balls of fire in the dark? Then he had to get up every little while and put fresh wood on the fire.

"The next morning, the young man felt he must find a safer bed. What do you think he did, children?

He built a rude kind of a box with a cover he could draw over him. When night came he made a very big fire. Then getting into his queer bed he slept in safety."



"He was a brave man," said Kenneth. "We are not as brave these days. We don't any of us like to be out after dark."

"I can tell you of some boys just as brave," went on Mr. Draper. "A man came into this neighborhood with two, one fourteen and the other nine years old. The father made a log house, cut down trees and did some planting. Then he left the boys and went back for the rest of the family.

"The little men that were left behind milked the cows and made butter from the cream. Shall I tell you how they did it? They cut troughs in the trunks of some basswood trees that had been felled. They stirred the cream in these troughs until it turned to butter. They hoed the weeds from the corn and saw that the cows did not stray. They kept the cabin neat, and washed and mended their own clothes.

"There were no near neighbors, and every night the

wild beasts howled about the little log hut. But there the brave boys stayed alone until their parents came in the fall."

"I couldn't be so brave," said Thomas, soberly. "Father, we are not much like real men nowadays, are we?"

Mr. Southworth smiled. "Don't speak so sadly, son. Men of to-day are doing just as brave things the world over only we do not always know about it.

"I am sure that if brave men are needed they will not be wanting. It is the coming of the duty that makes the man, you know.

"We are not in the wilderness now. There are no wolves to drive away, no boundless forests to clear — but there are other things to do just as important. We must make ourselves ready."

"You mean we must be good and strong and do our duty," said Kenneth, eagerly.

"Father," said Aleck, "Babs and I would like to make a house in our woods and stay there all night. And when the wolves come we will not be scared."

"There are no wolves here, you silly girl!" said her brother kindly, and the group about the fire broke up with a laugh.

re gion troughs pleas ant ly

46

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON

Jupiter and Mercury were enjoying a little visit to the earth. In human form they went from place to place, talking with men and seeing how the world's work was carried on.

One day, weary and footsore, they came to a village where the people were unfriendly to strangers. They knocked first at this door and that, begging a crust to eat and a cup of cold water.

But every door was closed to them and they went on. Just outside the village on a hillside was a poor cottage. Here an old man, Philemon, lived with his good wife Baucis.

Philemon still worked in the fields of his richer neighbors. His head was as white as the snows on the mountain tops. His step was slow and his hand trembled with age. But his smile was like sunshine. Ah! Philemon was truly a dear old man.

Baucis, too, was just as fine a human being, though toward the close of her life's journey.

The cottage stood under a group of noble trees. A carefully tended garden lay about it, where the brown bees hummed in the hollyhocks and lily-cups, then flew to their straw-thatched hives.

Philemon bade the strangers come in, and placed for them his own and his wife's chairs. Kneeling down he unbound their sandals and washed in clear water their tired feet, dusty with the long journey.

Meanwhile Baucis was bustling about, setting the table with the best the home had. She put on a brown loaf, new-laid eggs, a jug of milk, and honey.

Then to the vines went the good old wife, picking the large clusters they had been saving to carry to market.

Jupiter and Mercury sat down and ate heartily, Baucis and Philemon serving them. The milk in the pitcher was soon gone. Jupiter asked for more, and Baucis, greatly troubled, said they had no more.

Jupiter only smiled and held the jug over his cup. To the terror of the old people, the milk ran freely from what before had been an empty vessel.

The couple knew by this sign that they were serving no mere travelers, but gods. Falling upon their knees, they begged pardon for the poor dinner.

"Good old people," said Jupiter, raising them from the earth, "you have served us as the gods love. You have given your best, and you shall be rewarded as is due such service."

Then he bade them come out on the hillside with him. "The people of that village shall be rewarded

as they deserve," he said: and indeed the reward had come.

The ground had sunk, and a lake stood where the village had been. Not a trace remained of the unkind people who had turned the hungry strangers from their door.

"They have their reward," said Jupiter. "Now behold yours."

Their humble cottage had turned into a stately temple, fair with marble and shining with gold. "What wish shall I grant you, good old people?" asked the god as he turned to leave them.

Then Philemon begged that they might serve as priests in the temple as long as they lived. He also asked that they might never be separated in either life or death.

Their wish was granted. After years of happy service, they were changed into two trees. Side by side they grew in front of their loved temple. And as the breezes murmured through their leafy crowns each seemed to bend to the other in undying love and faith.

Ju pi ter Mer cu ry Phi lé mon

Bau cis de serve

47

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

Act I.

(A kitchen — mother cooking, baby asleep in its cradle — other children helping in various ways. Several rats come in through the open door. One runs up to the table and nibbles the cheese, starts to carry it away.)

Peter: Mother! mother! the rat is stealing the cheese.

(Mother rushes to the table, throwing down her soup ladle. She seizes the broom and tries to hit the rat.)

Mother: Go away! go away, wicked creature.

(The rat runs away with the cheese. Another rat steals up to the soup ladle.)

Else: Mother! mother, a rat is licking the soup from the ladle.

Mother (rushing to the fire): Wicked beast, how dare you! Go away or you shall feel the poker.

(Rat runs away, mother sits down and fans herself with her apron. Enter Frau Bloom.)

Frau Bloom: Why, my dear Frau Peterson, how disturbed you look. What has happened?

Mother: It's those rats again. They will be the

death of me. I was cooking and one ran in and tried to carry away the cheese. I ran at him with my broom. Then another was licking the soup ladle when I turned about.

Frau Bloom: Where is the cat?

Mother: The cat? Why, do you not know that cats are good for nothing these days? They are even more afraid of the rats than we, for the terrible creatures bite them.

Peter: Yes, mother, and they frighten the dogs, too.

Frau Bloom: I assure you we are suffering, too. They have spoiled some of our best cheeses, right in the vat. (Rats squeal and squeak outside.) Now hear them! One can't have even a little chat in peace.

Mother: Only yesterday my man took down his Sunday hat and out jumped a rat which had made a nest there. (A rat runs in and up to the cradle where it bites the baby.)

Mother (running to the cradle): O! my poor baby. Run for the doctor, Peterkin. What shall I do, Frau Bloom? O! those wicked rats.

creat ure dis turbed as sure

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

Act II.

Council Chamber: Mayor and members of corporation sitting there, silent. People are looking in.

First Citizen (shakes finger): Our Mayor's a noddy.

Second Citizen: As for our corporation — shocking!

Third Citizen: To think we buy gowns lined with ermine,
For dolts who won't or can't determine
How to rid us of our vermin!

Fourth Citizen: Rouse up, sirs! Give your brains a racking,
Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing.

Mayor and Corporation (shivering): Oh!—h—h—h!

Mayor: It's easy to bid one rack one's brain,
I am sure my poor head aches again.
I've scratched it so, and all in vain.
Oh for a trap, a trap, a trap!

(Tap, tap, tap, outside.)

Bless us, what's that?
Anything like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat.
Come in! (Enter Pied Piper.)

Pied Piper: Please, your honors, I'm able
By means of a secret charm to draw
All creatures living beneath the sun,
That creep or swim or fly or run,
The mole, the toad, the newt, the viper,
And the people call me Pied Piper.

Mayor: What have you done?

Piper: In Tartary I freed the Cham last June from his huge swarms of gnats,

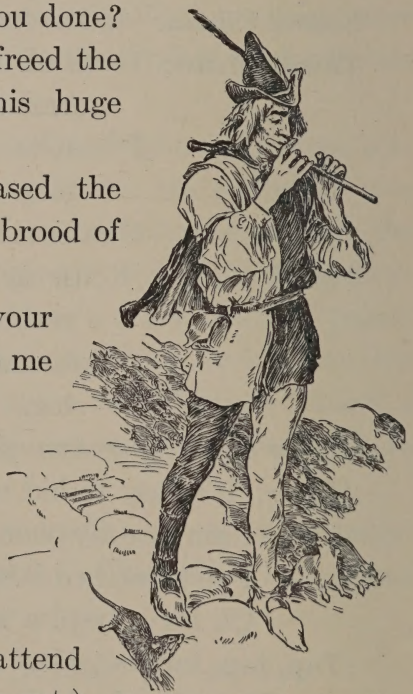
In Asia I eased the Nizam of his monstrous brood of vampire bats.

If I can rid your town of rats will you give me a thousand guilders?

Mayor: One? fifty thousand!

Corporation: Of course, fifty thousand.

Piper: Come into the street, then, and I will attend to business. (They all go out.)



"I will attend to business."

Cor po ra tion de ter mine
Pied (striped) mon strous
guild ers (coin worth about forty-two cents)

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

Act III.

(The piper walks down the street blowing on his pipe. The rats scamper after him. The people shout and clap their hands. He leads them out of sight. A man rushes up the street.)

Man: The rats are in the river, every one of them!

People: Hurrah! hurrah!

(Bells ring.)

Mayor: Go and get long poles!
Poke out the nest and block up the holes!
Consult with carpenters and builders,
And leave in our town not even a trace of the rats!

Piper: First if you please, my thousand guilders!

Mayor: Our business was done at the river's brink;
We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
And what's dead can't come to life, I think.
So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink
From the duty of giving you something for drink,
And a matter of money to put in your poke;
But as for the guilders, what we spoke
Of them, as you very well know, was in joke;

Besides our losses have made us thrifty;
A thousand guilders! come, take fifty!

Piper: No trifling! I can't wait! beside,
I've promised to visit by dinner time,
Bagdat, and accept the prime
Of the head cook's pottage.
With him I proved no bargain-driver,
With you, don't think I'll bate a stiver!
And folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe to another fashion.

Mayor (angrily): Do you think I'll brook
Being worse treated than a cook?
You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst,
Blow your pipe there till you burst!

(Piper lays his pipe to his lips and plays.)

(Children come running up the street, laughing, dancing, clapping their hands. They follow the Piper who leads them out of sight. People stand as if turned to stone, unable to move or speak. Music continues growing fainter and fainter until it ceases. Then the noise of a crutch is heard and a lame boy comes in sadly and slowly.)

Boy (looking around shakes his head):

It's dull in our town since my playmates left,

I can't forget that I'm bereft
Of all the pleasant sights they see
Which the Piper also promised me!

People: Where — where are they?

Boy: Lo, as we reached the mountain's side,
A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed,
And the Piper advanced and the children followed,
And when all were in to the very last,
The door in the mountain side shut fast.
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
Joining the town and just at hand,
Where waters gushed and fruit-trees grew,
And flowers put forth of a fairer hue,
And everything was strange and new.
And just as I became assured
My lame foot would be speedily cured,
The music stopped and I stood still,
And found myself outside the hill,
Left alone against my will
To go now limping as before
And never to hear of that country more.

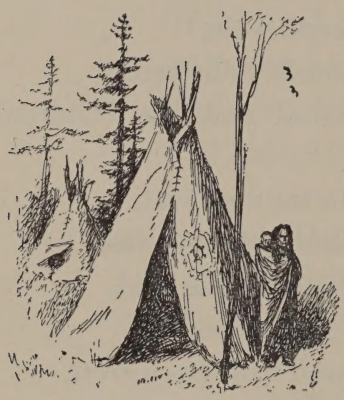
Adapted from ROBERT BROWNING.

ver min sti ver

48

HOW THEY LIVED IN THE GOOD OLD TIMES

I.

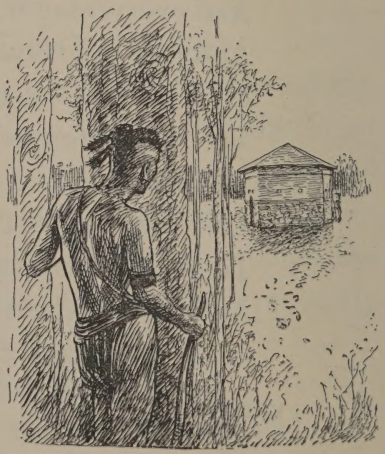


"Cousin James," said Thomas, "did the first settlers in this town have any trouble with the Indians?"

"I am glad to say not," replied Mr. Draper. "What the Eastern settlements suffered we were spared. We all know what took place at Deerfield not so many miles away."

"What did take place?" cried the twins popping up from their places like two little rockets.

"It isn't a thing we like to talk about. The Indians set fire to the village one night. They killed many of the people and carried others away as slaves.



"No, our first settlers were spared that, still life was not easy. They had many enemies even if the Indians did not trouble them. The wolves ate up their flocks. Fierce storms swept over the country. Fences were broken down and animals of the forest trampled the crops in their flight.

"There were multitudes of crows and squirrels ready to devour the growing corn.

"Now and then foxes became mad like dogs and ran among the cattle, snapping and biting.

"Then there was a constant fight with the weeds. It took long and weary work before clover could be made to grow for the cattle.

"The first settlers saw what a fine country it was for grazing. They never dreamed of the day when the little river would turn many mill wheels."

"Isn't it strange there were no Indians here?" said Thomas, thoughtfully.

"I believe this region was known to the Indians. Perhaps it was a hunting-ground to which they came only once in a while. I have heard this story:

"A later settler was out hoeing corn one day. All at once an Indian stalked past him. He was wrapped in his blanket, and very stately in manner. The settler was much afraid and started to run away. The Indian, however, took no notice of him. He sat down

on a rock and gazed over the beautiful valley. He sat for hours as if carved from stone. At last he rose and went as silently as he had come."

"Poor Indian," said Gretchen, softly. "Perhaps he had been fond of the valley in his younger days."

"I think so, too. No doubt he roamed there as a child or a young brave. At any rate he seemed to be taking a long and last farewell. That was the last, if not the only Indian, ever seen about here."

"Grandma Lane told us that the people had to make everything for themselves," said Polly.

"That was very true. Each family, however, had its treasures brought from the old home. Now they had pewter dishes —"

"What is pewter?" demanded Babs.

"That mug on the mantel is pewter," said his mother, "and all those plates and platters."

"Pewter is made from tin and lead and sometimes a little copper is mixed in," went on Mr. Draper. "Those of us who own any pewter ware, which the old settlers owned before us, are very proud of it. How clean and bright those pewter dishes of old were kept! The little girls of the family used to spend many weary hours rubbing them. Would you like that, Polly-girl, scrubbing, instead of doll-playing and romping about?

"The plates, as a rule, however, were made of wood,

and the cups from gourds."

"What are gourds?" said Babs.

"Now, Babs," said his sister reprovingly, "you ought to know about gourds. Don't you remember all those little things at Grandma Lane's like wee squashes? They are hard and full of seeds that rattle and they don't get rotten like squashes — they stay. Don't you remember how we played school with them?"

"Oh yes, I do remember. We will make cups of them next time."

"What did folks eat, Cousin James?"

"Johnny cake and mush."

"Didn't they have any meat?"

"Oh, they killed a lamb or calf sometimes. But they were too anxious to stock their farms to do it often.

"In the spring they tapped their maple trees and made sugar and molasses from the sweet juice that ran out. Sometimes they added to their stock by boiling down pumpkins."

"How did they grind their corn for the Johnny cake?" asked Archie.

"One of the first things they did was to make a saw mill to cut their lumber, then a grist mill to grind their corn. But it was a long way to the grist mill, so each family tried to help itself. Sometimes the corn was pounded in a mortar by a pestle."

"What is a mortar?" asked Aleck.

"Don't you know?" cried Babs. "Mr. Lyman at the drug store has one. It's a big, heavy, deep dish that you can't break, and the pestle is the thing you pound with. Mr. Lyman lets me pound, sometimes."

"The settlers also made circular tin graters. Then they had circular stone wheels. It is said the first water wheels were patterned from these and called 'Tub Mills.' The early settlers had indeed to do most things for themselves.

"At first pork, sugar, teas, furniture and cloth had to be brought on horseback from beyond the Connecticut.

"This made them very costly, and our people could not afford to buy very much that way. So they set to work to make for themselves.

"In every home stood the loom and the spinning wheel. Both were kept going most of the time. They raised their own flax and reared large flocks of sheep.

"A blue and white checked home-woven linen was the usual summer dress for the women. In winter they wore home-woven flannels."

"Grandma Lane's party gown was home-made linen," put in Polly, "and she did it all herself."

"The women cut and made the men's clothes as

well as their own. Some one who could cut and fit well went from house to house.

"The shoemaker with his 'kit,' which means a shoe bench with waxed ends, awls, brads and any other tools needed to make shoes, followed the tailoress. He would settle himself in some out-of-the-way corner. There would he peg, sew, rap and whistle until every one was shod. This was called 'Whipping the Cat.'"

"Where did they get their leather?" asked Thomas.

"They cut down a large tree and made the trunk into a trough. This trough was sunk into the ground and used as a tan vat.

"In clearing the land the tree bark was always saved and dried. Suppose a rainy day came and the boys could not work out of doors! They then pounded and shaved the bark on a big block of wood.

"Leather, you know, is made from the skins of cows, calves, goats and other animals.

"Nowadays we get the hair from the skins by using lime. In old times the people used ashes. They made blacking with soot from the chimney mixed with lard. The leather was coarse but it wore well."

"Aleck and I will make our own shoes after this," said Babs. "We know just how and Cousin James Draper will help us."

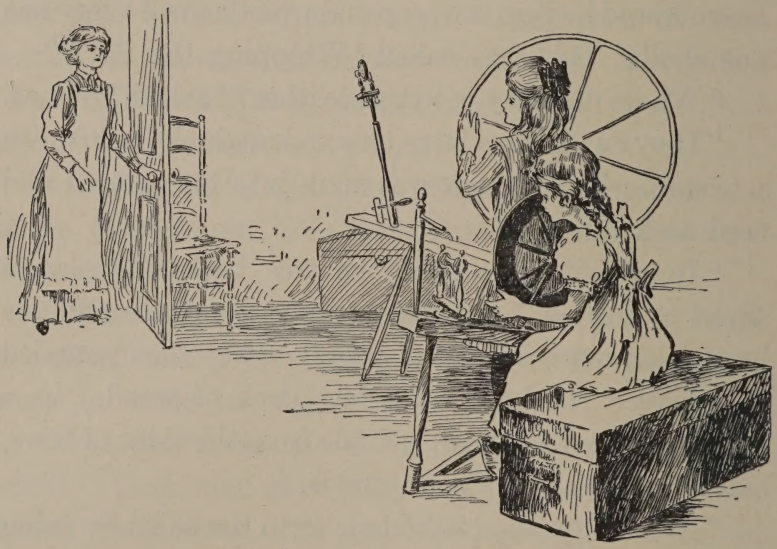
mul ti tudes cir cu lar pes tle re prov ing ly

HOW THEY LIVED IN THE GOOD OLD TIMES

II.

"What are you doing, children?" said Aunt Helen as she opened the door into the great attic.

Several old spinning wheels had been dragged out



"We are trying to learn how to spin."

from under the eaves. A child sat by each one trying to make the wheels go.

"Mother," replied Polly, "we are trying to learn how to spin. We would like to spin enough for our next summer clothes. It wouldn't cost so much for us, if we did, would it, mother?"

Mrs. Southworth laughed: "I'm afraid you would not be able to help in that way. If you would only be more careful of your clothes! When you get over a wall or fence see about sharp stones or nails. I came up to tell you that Cousin James is going out to walk and wants — one, two, three, four children to go with him."

The little people jumped down and ran to the door with joyful shouts. They were always ready for a walk.

It was growing dark when they returned. The older children had just come back from a long tramp and sat by the fire warming their fingers and toes.

"Now, Cousin James, please tell us more about the first settlers," begged Archie. "We have been such a long way, almost up Black Head. We saw two or three houses where no one had lived for years.

"There was a shed at one place. We found such a queer plough in a corner. It was almost all wood. I thought ploughs were all iron."

"The first settlers made many of their own tools," replied Cousin James. "Iron was costly but the wood lay all about them. Their tools were few and clumsy, but they did great things.

"They made the looms in which they wove cloth or linen. They made the floors of their rooms out of chestnut wood, and very good floors they were, too.

"I can show you at my place a rake and a harrow your great-great-grandfather Caleb made and the wooden teeth are sound yet.

"Shall I tell you how the inside of the house looked? The big kitchen was the family living-room and one side was taken up with a huge fireplace.

"When the winter night was very cold and a great fire was needed this is what they did.

"The farm horse was chained to a big log and driven into the kitchen. When the log had been brought as far as the fireplace it was unfastened and placed over the andirons. Then the horse was driven back again.

"There was a swinging iron rod called a crane over the fire where hooks were hung. The kettle was placed there to boil. Potatoes were roasted in the hot ashes. And the Johnny cake made of the yellow corn meal the little chicks like so much — how do you think that was made, children? It was often baked on a flat board before the red-hot coals, and not set inside an oven at all.

"Some housewives had what they called a tin kitchen. It was a tin box with one side wholly open. This was drawn up to the very hottest part of the fire, the open side next to the blaze.

"Some had the brick oven as your great-great-grandfather Caleb did. They made big fires in it that

were left to burn until the bricks were red-hot. Then the coals and ashes were swept out and the pies, cakes and bread put in and shut up."

"Was it really hot enough to bake?" inquired Gretchen.

"Yes, indeed, it gave them a fine baking. I can remember how good everything tasted that came from great-great-grandfather Caleb's oven."

"Mother," said Aleck, "we must have a brick oven in our kitchen. I think Biddy will like it, don't you?"

There was a general laugh about the fire and all the little dogs jumped up and barked in chorus.

"The first settlers were without much that the housekeeper of to-day feels that she must have.

"They had no soda, no saleratus, no baking powder of any kind. What did they do?

"They boiled lye and salt together. When the liquid had dried up, a powder was left that was called pearl ash. Others burned corncobs and got the same thing from the ashes. This they called cob-ash.

"Matches were unknown. Fires were started by a spark from a flint. Sometimes by rubbing two pieces of punk or dead wood together a spark could be made. The fires were covered by ashes at night so they scarcely ever went out."

"What did they do if the fire did go out; use the flint?"

"Sometimes, but if they had a near neighbor a child would be sent with a covered iron kettle to borrow a firebrand.

"There was always a wooden seat called a settle near the fire. It had arms, a high back, and the seat lifted so that the wood could be put into the box underneath.

"Near the fire in a warm corner the indigo tub was kept. I can tell you a funny story about an indigo tub, children.

"Once at your great-great-grandfather Caleb's we children were being undressed before the kitchen fire. My brothers were in great spirits that night.

"Russell, the younger, was running about in his little shirt and Lyman was chasing him. My sister Ellen was trying to make the lads put on their night clothes.

"At last Lyman drove Russell into a corner and the two upset the indigo tub. Nearly all the dye came out over the two boys.

"They were dried as soon as possible, but much of the dye stuck, and for days they were as spotted as little leopards."

"The early Britons used to stain their bodies blue," said Thomas.

"Wouldn't what we call blueing do as well?" asked Archie.

"Sh-h," warned Gretchen hastily, for the twins were gazing at Cousin James with very bright eyes.

Cousin James began talking about something else, for it would never, never do to give Babs and Aleck any new ideas.

gen er al	liq uid	scarce ly
sal e ra tus		le o pards

HOW THEY LIVED IN THE GOOD OLD TIMES

III.

"You haven't told us all about the first settlers, have you, Cousin James?"

"Oh, no, little Polly! But are you not getting tired of these plain people with their homespun clothing?"

"We never get tired of stories, not all the days or all the nights," put in Babs. "I would like a story about anything in this world. Why, Cousin James, I would like a story about the hind legs of a chair if I couldn't get anything else."

"I like the first settlers because they were so brave,"

said Kenneth. "They did things. But were there no good times? Was it all work?"

"They kept the Sabbath very strictly, we are told. A man was not allowed to shoot on Sunday. If anyone traveled save to the house of prayer, he was taxed for it. The man who collected the taxes was called the tithing man. He was sure to know who had been on the road unlawfully, and never failed to collect the tax.

Going to church

"The tithing man kept order in church also. He had a long rod with the tail of some small animal on the end. If any one went to sleep, the tithing man would come round and tickle the person's face with it. The boys all sat together. Let a fellow get into any mischief and there was no tickle for him but a good sound whack.

"They did not have the holidays we value so much.

"No one ever thought of keeping Christmas and

of course Fourth of July meant nothing as yet.

"The day when the governor was elected was a great occasion. Certain times were set apart for practice in using arms. They were called Training Days, and the young people gave themselves up to sports."

"But Thanksgiving Day," said Archie, "of course they had fun then?"

"No indeed! Thanksgiving Day must be spent in prayer and praise. But the next day could be given to pleasure.

"Singing schools were allowed, and all the young folk came in their best clothes. Quilting parties were in great favor, too.

"Yes, Aleck, I see you want to know what a quilting party is. Have you ever seen a quilt made of patchwork? Have you ever sewed patchwork, my little lady?"

"Of course I have! It's just over and over, and we have it in school. My mother has lots of quilts in her big chest. When Grandma Lane comes she always takes them out and we see them."

"Quilting means putting sheets of cotton wadding in between the two parts of the quilt. Then the parts are fastened together in a great many places. The quilt is stretched in a big frame and the women sit around and work. It takes very little time to finish a quilt

in this way. Many hands make light work, you know.

"All the women far and near come, and the men are asked to supper. They used to have 'paring bees' for their apples or pumpkins, and 'husking bees' for their corn."

"We know about husking, because Grandma Lane told us. She made her own gown to wear to it," cried Polly.

"The fiddler was hired for such parties, and the young people had Money Musk and Virginia Reel and other gay old dances.

"When there was a barn or house raising,all the men would come and help. They would have a big supper and dance afterwards."

"Did they make all the house?"

"Oh no, 'raising' means to set up the big timbers of the roof."

"You told us about the kitchens in the old houses," said Gretchen. "Were there no parlors?"

"A fairly well-to-do family had its best room though I doubt if there were any in the first log cabins. But the settlers built frame houses after they had begun to succeed in life.

"Great-great-grandfather Caleb's was the first one built in town. It has been added to, however, since the

first building. People thought he was very rash, but his example was soon followed.

"You will want to know what was in the parlor, Gretchen. Benches were all very well for the kitchen. There were straight-backed chairs in the 'fore-room' or 'keeping-room' as it was called.

"There was a table and a looking glass and the floor was sanded. Sometimes a chest of drawers and a bed were added.

"The curtains were often of white homespun linen, but just as often shades were used instead, made out of thin strips of basswood.

"The 'keeping-room' was a very grand place for the children. They went into it as one goes into a church.

"I remember your great-great-grandfather Caleb's keeping-room as a place where I was put when I had been very naughty.

"After all, the dear old kitchen with its leaping fire was the heart of home."

tith ing e lect ed prac tice

49

THE FAIRIES OF THE CALDON-LOW

I.

"And where have you been, my Mary?
And where have you been from me?"
"I've been to the top of the Caldon-Low,
The midsummer night to see!"

"And what did you see, my Mary,
Upon the Caldon-Low?"
"I saw the blithe sunshine come down,
And I saw the merry winds blow."

"And what did you hear, my Mary,
All up on the Caldon-Hill?"
"I heard the drops of water made,
And I heard the corn-ears fill."

"Oh tell me all, my Mary,
All, all that ever you know;
For you must have seen the fairies
Last night on the Caldon-Low."

"Then take me on your knee, mother,
And listen, mother mine:
A hundred fairies danced last night,
And the harpers they were nine.

"And merry was the glee of the harp-strings,
And their dancing feet so small;
But oh! the sound of their talking
Was merrier far than all."

"And what were the words, my Mary,
That you did hear them say?"
"I'll tell you all, my mother,
But let me have my way.

"And some they played with the water
And rolled it down the hill;
'And this,' they said, 'shall speedily turn
The poor old miller's mill;

" 'For there has been no water
Ever since the first of May;
And a busy man shall the miller be
By the dawning of the day.

" 'Oh, the miller, how he will laugh,
When he sees the mill dam rise.
The jolly old miller, how he will laugh,
Till the tears fill both his eyes.'

"And some they seized the little winds,
That sounded over the hill,
And each put a horn into his mouth,
And blew so sharp and shrill.

"'And there,' said they, 'the merry winds go,
Away from every horn;
And those shall clear the mildew dank
From the blind old widow's corn:

"'Oh, the poor blind widow —
Though she has been blind so long,
She'll be merry enough when the mildew's gone,
And the corn stands stiff and strong.'

"And some they brought the brown linseed,
And flung it down from the Low:
'And this,' they said, 'by the sunrise,
In the weaver's croft shall grow.

"'Oh, the poor lame weaver,
How he will laugh outright
When he sees his dwindling flax-field
All full of flowers by night.'"

THE FAIRIES OF THE CALDON-LOW

II.

"And then up spoke a brownie,
With a long beard on his chin:
'I have spun up all the tow,' said he,
'And I want some more to spin.

"'I've spun a piece of hempen cloth,
And I want to spin another,
A little sheet for Mary's bed
And an apron for her mother.'

"And with that I could not help but laugh,
And I laughed out loud and free;
And then on the top of Caldon-Low,
There was no one left but me.

"And all on the top of Caldon-Low
The mists were cold and gray,
And nothing I saw but the mossy stones
That all around me lay.

"But as I came from the hill-top,
I heard, afar below,
How busy the jolly miller was,
And how merry the wheel did go.

"And I peeped into the widow's field,
And, sure enough, were seen
The yellow ears of mildewed corn
All standing stiff and green.

"And down by the weaver's croft I stole,
To see if the flax were high;
But I saw the weaver at the gate
With the good news in his eye.

"Now this is all that I heard, mother,
And all that I did see;
So, prithee, make my bed, mother,
For I'm tired as I can be."

MARY HOWITT.

blithe dwin dling
shrill hemp en

prith ee (pray thee)

50

THE LITTLE BLUE FLOWER

A Fairy Story

"Where do you go this morning, Birger?" asked the young wife, Ingeborg, of her husband. It was a beautiful day in early spring. The new leaves were fluttering like so many flags from every bush and tree.

"I think I will climb the mountain," replied Birger. "The wild goats seem very plentiful this year."

"Look out, Birger! They say the goddess of spring, fair Hulda, has her abode there. What would you do if you met a goddess?"

"I should not be afraid," replied Birger. "A goddess would do an honest man no harm. Then why should I fear one who carpets the earth with green, and decks it with many a lovely little flower? I believe I had rather meet Hulda than any one of the other gods."

"Well, my brave man," laughed Ingeborg, "if you meet the goddess and she is kind, be sure and ask of her a gift that really is a gift. Think of our little Gusta. Do you wish him to be no more than a simple huntsman and shepherd like yourself?"

"He could have no better fate than to see the blue heavens above him and feel the sweet air," cried Birger, catching up his boy and kissing him. "How sorry I

am for the poor people who must live always in narrow streets. Gusta, my dear one, wilt thou chase the wild goat like father, or strut in a silken tunic with gold lace on it?"

The baby seized the horn which was hung over his father's shoulder. Puffing out his round red cheeks he tried to blow. "He chooses! he chooses," laughed Birger. "One day Gusta shall chase the mountain goats with father, and seek the sheep when they wander."

As Birger ran down the forest path he turned and waved good-bye to the fair young mother and child who stood watching him in front of their cottage.

Birger had a fine chase that May morning. The goats would graze quietly until he came near them. Then they would kick up their little black heels and scamper up the mountain side like the wind.

Once on a high point where Birger could not quickly reach them, they would look down at him, toss their heads and appear to be talking together. It seemed to the hunter as if they were laughing at him.

"I'll have you yet, you rogues," he called, pushing up after them. Higher and higher still they skipped, and Birger followed, the wild blood dancing in his veins.

Suddenly the goats disappeared! It was as if a

hole in the mountain side had opened and swallowed the frisky creatures!

Birger made his way through the bushes where he had last seen them. He found himself in front of a great door that led into a cave hollowed out of the mountain itself.

The door opened slowly and he stepped inside. The cave was full of a soft light. It seemed to come from the gold and jewels which covered the sides, and lay thickly strewn on the floor.

But Birger had no eyes for the gold and jewels. At the end of the cave sat a beautiful woman in an ivory chair by a spinning wheel which turned with a pleasant, humming sound. The woman was clad in a pale green gown with garlands of little field flowers trailing over it. Snowdrops crowned her golden hair. As Birger entered she turned to him eyes as deeply blue as the little blue flowers of the bouquet which rested on an ivory table close by.

"Well, Birger," she said, smiling, "what do you think of this music?" Birger laughed in return, showing all his white teeth. "It is good music," he said joyously, "like the humming of my brown bees in the clover patch, or the singing of the south wind through the wheat that is just beginning to show its gold."

"Do you know me?" asked the lady, laying down the

spindle and taking up the bouquet of blue flowers.

"I think you are Hulda," said Birger, looking at her keenly. "You must be Hulda because she is the most beautiful woman in the world, and no one could be more beautiful than you."

The lovely lady laughed until tears of mirth filled her wonderful blue eyes. "If I am Hulda," she said, merrily, "are you not afraid I may shut that door and keep you in here forever?"

"You would not do that, madam," said Birger, earnestly. "You love the free air too much to shut from it one who loves it as well as it could be loved by god or mortal. Besides, no one could wear those little flowers, darlings of sun and air, and do an evil deed."

"You are right, Birger," said Hulda, kindly. "I know a true man when I see him and I delight in such. You have come a long, painful journey to visit me. Choose anything you see here and take it back home as a gift from me."

Birger looked about at the gold and dazzling jewels. He did not forget the advice Ingeborg had given him, but somehow even this wealth did not tempt him.

"I will choose the little blue flowers you are holding, if I may, dear madam."

"Choose flowers when all this gold is at your service?" cried Hulda.

"I do not care for the gold," said Birger, "but I long for the little blue flowers. I have never seen anything like them before, except your eyes, madam."

Hulda handed the bouquet to Birger. "You are wise," she said, "whether you know it or not. Take the flowers and this package of seeds."

Birger thanked her warmly, then in a moment the cave and all its treasures had vanished. He found himself alone on the mountain side.

Had it been a dream only? No, it could not have been a dream, for he still held the flowers and the package of seeds.

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THE LITTLE BLUE FLOWER

II.

When he showed the flowers to Ingeborg she threw up her hands in half-anger, half-amusement.

"Isn't that just like you, foolish man?" she cried. "Why did you not ask for something to make us rich?"

"We are rich now," said Birger; "we have all we need, we are well and happy. What more do we want?

I think Hulda has given us a very good present. I am quite satisfied with it."

Birger went to work and planted the seeds. They came up quickly and filled a large field. When the plants had grown tall, little blue flowers appeared.

Birger's heart was very glad as he looked at his field of blossoms. Every time he saw them he remembered the deep blue eyes of the goddess. Ingeborg, however, thought it such a strange, foolish thing to plant a whole field with just flowers. "Now if they were turnips," she said, "there would be some sense in it and Barli would be so happy." Barli was the red cow.

At last the plants were all in blossom, and then, something happened! As Birger and Ingeborg lay asleep they were awakened by a touch as soft as dew.

They sprang out of bed and saw in the silver moonlight the form of the lovely lady. She led them out to where the thousands of little blue flowers were looking up into the midnight heavens.

Then Hulda taught Birger how to use the fibres in the stem of the plant. She showed Ingeborg how to spin these fibres into yarn, and then weave the yarn into cloth. When all this was done she gave them her blessing and disappeared.

Birger and Ingeborg went back to the house and went to bed full of wonder and joy. The next morning

each asked the other anxiously, "Could it have been a dream only?" But they remembered all the goddess told them, and the cloth they made was very strong and beautiful. Nothing like it had ever been seen before. People came from far and near to buy the cloth and the seeds. Birger and his wife became teachers to the whole country, and were well paid for the lessons.

As you may easily guess, they grew rich from their work. Birger always kept the bunch of blue flowers and told the story to Gusta, who in turn taught it to his children. They say that the little blue flowers of Hulda remained in that family for hundreds of years.

Just as long as the people that held them loved the soil, the sun, and the free air, they made their owners happy. But a time came when the little blue flowers no longer held a charm for the descendants of Birger and Ingeborg. They despised honest, homely toil and learned to love gold more than peace of mind.

It was then that Hulda's wonderful flowers vanished. Very likely their owners were too stupid to know their loss. But the children of the little blue flowers remain to this day, opening their eyes in the sunshine.

This is the story that is told in Northern lands about the flax flower, and how linen came to be made.

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51

DISCONTENT

Down in a field one day in June,
The flowers all bloomed together,
Save one who tried to hide herself,
And drooped that pleasant weather.

A robin, who had flown too high,
And felt a little lazy,
Was resting near a buttercup
Who wished she were a daisy.

For daisies grew so trig and tall!
She always had a passion
For wearing frills around her neck,
In just the daisies' fashion.

And buttercups must always be
The same old tiresome color;
While daisies dress in gold and white,
Although their gold is duller.

"Dear Robin," said the sad, young flower,
"Perhaps you'd not mind trying
To find a nice white frill for me,
Some day when you are flying?"

"You silly thing," the robin said,
"I think you must be crazy;
I'd rather be my honest self,
Than any made-up daisy.

"You're nicer in your own bright gown;
The little children love you;
Be the best buttercup you can,
And think no flower above you.

"Though swallows leave me out of sight,
We'd better keep our places;
Perhaps the world would all go wrong
With one too many daisies.

"Look bravely up into the sky
And be content with knowing
That God wished for a buttercup
Just here, where you are growing."

SARAH ORNE JEWETT.

52

THE STORY OF DAVID

A Little Shepherd Boy

It was early in the morning and David led his sheep out to the pastures by the still waters.

He was ruddy of cheek, this young son of Jesse, of a beautiful face and goodly to look at. His harp was slung over one shoulder; his shepherd's staff in hand, he walked, singing, and the flock followed, one little lamb pressing close to his side.

Yet, though he sang, his quick eyes scanned every step of the way. No danger must come nigh the sheep.

Were not the older sons of Jesse fighting for King Saul against the Philistines, far from home? Who then must be the old father's help and stay, save this little shepherd lad?

From his childhood David had loved all active sports. Now he could run faster and climb higher than any of his mates. He could throw farther from his sling, and no one had overcome him in wrestling.

The older sons of Jesse, in their far away camp, told of his deeds and said, "He will make the best soldier of us all.

So David led his flock to where the lilies grew beside the still waters. The grass was fresh there, and as they

neared the spot the sheep rushed forward joyfully.

The little shepherd sat down in the shadow of a rock and wiped his glowing face. The sheep fed quietly and as the sun rose David took his harp and sang.

He sang the songs his old nurse had crooned by his cradle. Very ancient were these songs, and no one knew whence they had come. His father had heard them in his babyhood, and the men of his house before him. They were of love and war, of the power of Jehovah and the valor of heroes.

But even as David sang something arose in his heart, before the might of which the old songs fled into silence. As men of old had breathed their deep feeling into verse so also would David sing.

At first the music came brokenly, then it flowed along like some happy stream under the sunlight.

He sang of the hills that rose like sheltering walls around their little valley. He praised the streams that flashed silver-bright from their summits.

He sang of the still pool by which his flock was feeding, of the blue lilies, the sweet green grass, the pet lamb by his side lifting eyes of love.

Sing on, little shepherd. Only too soon will the green fields fade away. Only too soon comes the call to the man, the voice of Duty.

Phi lis tines wrest ling Je ho vah

53

THE STORY OF DAVID

David and the Lion

But as David sang, red, angry eyes watched him from behind the rocks. There was the bounding forward of a huge form — a roar — a scattering of the flock. A mountain lion had fallen upon them and was retreating with the sheep he had captured.

The harp fell to the ground and with a great cry David sprang forward. He smote the lion across the face with his iron-tipped staff.

The great beast, surprised by the blow, dropped his prey and turned upon David, maddened with pain. Thicker, faster rained the blows. Then with a cry of rage and the strength of a man, David seized his throat, holding it fast with the two hands that only a

brief while ago had drawn sweet music from the harp string.

"Jehovah! help! Aid thy servant," cried the lad, as the beast struggled in his grasp. He saw the angry eyes wax dim. He felt the panting breath grow feebler until it fluttered away.

At last the creature lay, a lifeless mass, on the ground, and the flock was saved. Then did David soothe the frightened sheep and bind up its wounds. Then did he kneel beside the dead lion, and lifting grateful hands to heaven, give thanks to Jehovah.

As he rose, a servant who had heard the cries of the flock came running to his aid. But the battle was over, the victory won. The foe lay dead by the still waters. Jehovah had heard the cry of the shepherd lad and had sent him aid. When God is on our side who shall prevail against us?

re treat ing cap tured

pre vail

54

THE STORY OF DAVID

David at the Camp

Now since David had slain the lion he was as a man in the eyes of all who knew him.

Then said Jesse unto his son, "Take now a measure of this parched corn, and these ten loaves and run to the camp to thy brethren. And carry these ten cheeses to the captain of their thousands, and look how thy brethren fare, and take their pledge."

So David rose up early in the morning and left the sheep with a keeper. As he drew near the camp in the valley of Elah, he left his goods with the keeper of the carriage, and went and saluted his brethren.

And as he talked with them, a man from the Philistines came out before the army of Israel and asked that they send a champion to do battle with him.

Now this man Goliath was a giant in stature. He wore a helmet of brass upon his head and a coat of mail about his body. He had greaves of brass about his legs and a target of brass between his shoulders. The staff of his spear was like a weaver's beam, and one bearing a shield went before him.

And he stood and cried unto the armies of Israel and said unto them, "Why are ye come out to set your

battle in array? Choose you a man for you, and let him come down to me.

"If he be able to fight with me, and to kill me, then will we be your servants. But if I prevail against him, and kill him, then shall ye be our servants.

"I defy the armies of Israel this day! Give me a man that we may fight together."

When Saul and all Israel heard these words they were sore afraid, and all men fled from him.

Then was David amazed and said, "Who is the Philistine that he cometh up against the armies of the living God? Will no man go out against him?"

Then were the brothers of David angry and the elder said unto him, "Why camest thou down hither? and with whom hast thou left those few sheep in the wilderness? I know thy pride and the naughtiness of thy heart! Thou hast come down to see the battle!"

Then turned David to Saul and said, "Let no man's heart fail because of him. Thy servant will go and fight with this Philistine!"

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55

THE STORY OF DAVID

A Boy and a Giant

And Saul said unto David, "Thou art not able to go against this Philistine to fight with him. Thou art but a youth, and he a man of war from his youth."

And David said unto Saul, "Thy servant kept his father's sheep, and there came a lion and a bear and took a lamb out of the flock.

"And I went out after him and smote him, and delivered it out of his mouth. And when he rose against me I caught him by the beard and smote him and slew him.

"Thy servant slew both the lion and the bear, and this Philistine shall be as one of them, seeing he hath defied the armies of the living God."

David said, moreover, "The Lord hath delivered me out of the paw of the lion and out of the paw of the bear: He will deliver me out of the hand of this Philistine." And Saul said unto David, "Go! and the Lord be with thee."

And Saul armed David with his armor and he put a helmet of brass upon his head; also he armed him with a coat of mail.

And David girded his sword upon his armor and he

And David hasted and ran toward the army to meet the Philistine.

tried to go, for he had not proved it. And David said unto Saul, "I cannot go with these for I have not proved them." And David put them off him.

And he took his staff in his hand, and chose him five smooth stones out of the brook and put them in a shepherd's bag which he had, even in a scrip; and his sling was in his hand; and he drew near to the Philistine.

And when the Philistine looked about and saw David he disdained him, for he was but a youth and ruddy, and of a fair countenance.

And the Philistine said unto David, "Am I a dog that thou comest to me with a stone? Come to me and I will give thy flesh unto the fowls of the air, and to the beasts of the field."

Then said David unto the Philistine, "Thou comest to me with a sword, and with a spear, and with a shield. But I come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel whom thou hast defied.

"This day will the Lord deliver thee into mine hand and I will smite thee. And all this assembly shall know that the Lord saveth not with the sword and the spear. For the battle is the Lord's and he will give you into our hands."

And David hasted and ran toward the army to meet the Philistine. And David put his hand in his bag and took thence a stone and slung it. And he smote the

Philistine in his forehead that the stone sunk into his forehead, and he fell upon his face to the earth.

So David prevailed over the Philistine with a sling and with a stone, and smote the Philistine and slew him; but there was no sword in the hand of David.

And when the Philistines saw their champion was dead, they fled.

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56

THE STORY OF DAVID

David and Saul

Now King Saul would not let David return to his father's house. He kept him with him and gave him power over the men of war.

And David went out and came in as the king commanded, and behaved himself wisely. And he found favor in the eyes of all Israel, and all Israel loved him.

Now the king's son Jonathan loved David as his own soul, and the soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David.

And Jonathan and David made a covenant. And Jonathan stripped himself of his robe that was upon

him and gave it to David, and his garments even to his sword and his bow and even to his girdle.

Now it came to pass that as they were returning from battle, the women came out of the cities with music and dancing.

And as they danced they sang, "Saul has slain his thousands but David his tens of thousands."

Now when Saul heard this he was very angry. And he thought within himself, "They ascribe to me my thousands and to David his tens of thousands. What more can be his save the kingdom?" And from that day he hated David.

Now as David played and sang before Saul in the house the evil spirit came upon Saul. And he stretched forth his hand with the javelin and would smite David. But David moved aside and the javelin smote the wall. Then was Saul afraid of David for the Lord was with him.

Then did Saul remove David from his house and made him head over a thousand. And David behaved wisely and the people loved him.

Then sent Saul to David, saying, "Go thou against the Philistines yet again for they trouble Israel continually." So thought Saul that David would fall by the hand of the Philistines.

Then went David against the Philistines and they

fell before him in many battles, and David returned unto Saul bringing the spoils of the Philistines with him.

And Saul gave his daughter Michal unto David as wife, and David became the king's son-in-law.

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57

THE STORY OF DAVID

Saul Troubleth David

Then Saul spake to Jonathan his son and all his servants that they should kill David.

But Jonathan delighted in David and said to David, "Saul, my father, seeketh to kill thee. Abide in a secret place until the morning and hide thyself."

And Jonathan said unto Saul, "Let not the king sin against David because he hath not sinned against thee, and because his works unto thee have been very good.

"Did he not put his life in his hand and slay the Philistine, and the Lord bring a great salvation unto all Israel? Thou sawest it and did rejoice. Thou wilt not sin against innocent blood, to slay David without a cause?"

Then Saul hearkened unto the voice of Jonathan;

and Saul swore, "As the Lord liveth, he shall not be slain."

Then Jonathan brought David to Saul and he was before him as in times past.

But it came to pass that the evil spirit again entered Saul and he sought once more to slay David with the javelin. But the Lord delivered David from the javelin, and he fled from the presence of Saul and hid himself.

Now Saul sent messengers to the house to watch for the coming out of David that they might slay him. And Michal, David's wife, said unto him, "If thou save not thy life to-night, to-morrow shalt thou be slain." So Michal let David down out of a window which was upon the city wall and David fled to the prophet Samuel in Ramah.

Then Michal took an image and put it in his bed and covered it over with a cloth. And when the messenger of Saul came to see David she said unto him, "My lord is sick and in bed. Trouble him not."

And the messengers came yet again saying, "Show us him in his bed that we may slay him." So when Michal led them into the room they found not David but the image covered with the cloth.

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58

THE STORY OF DAVID

David and Jonathan

Now it came to pass that David sought out Jonathan in secret, and inquired of him what was in the heart of Saul their father.

Then said Jonathan unto David, "Whatsoever is in the heart of Saul will he show me. The time of the yearly sacrifice draweth nigh. If thy place be empty on the first and the second and yet the third day, then will the king our father inquire of me concerning thee. I will say unto him that thou didst ask of me leave to go to Bethlehem that thou couldst sacrifice there in thy father's house.

"If the king speaks to me kindly then will I know that all is well between him and thee. If he speaketh roughly then it is that he seeketh thy life. Go hide thou in the field and in three days return unto this place. And I will shoot three arrows on the side as if I shot at a mark. I will send a lad, saying, 'Go find out the arrows.' If I say, 'Behold the arrows are on this side of thee, take them,' then come thou, for there is peace to thee and no hurt, as the Lord liveth.

"But if I say, 'Behold the arrows are beyond you, go thy way,' then the Lord hath sent ye away."

So David hid himself in the field, and when the new moon was come the king sat him down to eat meat. But the place of David was empty and yet on the second day.

Then said Saul unto Jonathan, "Wherefore cometh not the son of Jesse to meat neither yesterday nor to-day?"

And Jonathan answered Saul, "David earnestly asked leave of me to go to Bethlehem that he might sacrifice in his father's house."

Then was Saul's anger kindled and he said unto him, "Thou perverse son! Do I not know that thou hast chosen the son of Jesse to thine own undoing? For as long as the son of Jesse liveth upon the ground thou shalt not be established in my kingdom."

And Jonathan answered Saul, saying, "Wherefore shall he be slain? What hath he done?"

Then Saul cast a javelin at Jonathan to smite him, whereby Jonathan knew that his father would kill David. So Jonathan arose from the table in fierce anger and would eat no meat because his father had done shame to David.

And it came to pass that in the morning Jonathan went into the field and a little lad with him. And he said unto his lad, "Run, find out the arrows which I shoot." And as the lad ran he shot an arrow beyond

him. And when the lad had come to the place he cried, "Is not the arrow beyond thee? Make speed, haste, stay not!" And Jonathan's lad gathered up the arrows and returned to his master, and was sent back into the city with his arrows.

Then David came out of his place and bowed himself before Jonathan, and they kissed one another.

And Jonathan said unto David, "Go in peace. The Lord be between me and thee forever."

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59

THE STORY OF DAVID

David and Saul in the Cave

Now David abode in the wilderness in the strongholds and Saul sought him every day, but God delivered him not into his hands.

And Saul was told that David was in the wilderness, and he took three thousand chosen men, and went to seek David upon the rocks of the wild goats.

And he came where there was a cave. And Saul went in to sleep in the heat of the day, but David and his men abode in the sides of the cave.

Then David arose and cut off the skirts of Saul's coat, but he would not let his men rise against Saul. But Saul rose out of the cave and went his way.

David also arose and went out of the cave and cried after Saul, "My lord the king!" And when Saul looked behind him David stooped with his face to the earth.

And David said unto Saul, "Behold this day thine eyes have seen how the Lord hath delivered thee unto mine hand in the cave and some bade me kill thee, but I said, 'I will not put forth mine hand against my lord.'

"Moreover, my father, see, yea see the skirt of thy robe in my hand! For in that I cut off the skirt of thy robe and killed thee not, know thou and see that there is no evil in my hand, and that I have not sinned against thee. Yet thou huntest my soul to take it!

"The Lord judge between me and thee, and the Lord avenge me of thee, but mine hand shall not be upon thee. The Lord plead my cause and deliver me."

And it came to pass that when David made an end of speaking, Saul said, "Is it thy voice, my son David?" And Saul lifted up his voice and wept.

And he said to David, "Thou art more righteous than I for thou hast rewarded me good, whereas I have rewarded thee evil."

And it came to pass that Saul and Jonathan fell in battle before the Philistines. And when word was

brought to David he took hold on his clothes and rent them, and all Israel mourned and wept and fasted.

And David lamented over Saul and over Jonathan his son. And these are the words of his cry:

Thy glory, O Israel,
Is slain upon thy high places!
How are the mighty—
Fallen!

Tell it not in Gath,
Publish it not in the streets of Ashkelon;
Lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice,
Lest the daughters of the strangers triumph.

Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew or rains upon you,
Neither fields of offerings:
For there the shield of the mighty was vilely cast away,
The shield of Saul, as of one not anointed with oil.

From the blood of the slain,
From the fat of the mighty,
The bow of Jonathan turned not back,
And the sword of Saul returned not empty.

Saul and Jonathan were pleasant in their lives,
And in their death they were not divided;
They were swifter than eagles,
They were stronger than lions.

Ye daughters of Israel,
Weep over Saul,
Who clothed you in scarlet delicately,
Who put ornaments of gold upon your apparel.

How are the mighty—
Fallen in the midst of the battle!
O Jonathan,
Slain upon thy high places.

I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan:
Very pleasant hast thou been unto me:
Thy love to me was wonderful,
Passing the love of women.

How are the mighty—
Fallen!
And the weapons of war
Perished!

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60

THE POMEGRANATE SEEDS

I.

"Mother dear," said little Proserpine, "I wish you would stay at home with me to-day. I get very lonely without you. Besides my companions are going to their grandmother's; it is her birthday feast. I shall be left alone."

"I'm sorry, darling," replied Ceres, kissing her daughter. "When one is goddess of the harvest other things must not be put first. I am obliged to go a long distance to-day. The corn in Sicily is suffering sadly from lack of rains. It will take all my care to save the crop. You would not wish the children there to be hungry, would you?"

"O no, indeed," said Proserpine, who was a warm-hearted, generous child. "Well, I will try to be brave. What can I do for you, mother?"

"I wish you would make me some new garlands," said Ceres, glancing down at her poppies and corn flowers that were looking sadly wilted. "I have been too busy lately to take proper care of myself."

"Mother," laughed Proserpine, "I will make you the finest garlands you have ever seen. I know where the roses and lilies are bigger and brighter than in any

garden. Such garlands as you will find waiting for you to-night, mother dear!"

"But do not go far from the house, darling. Somehow I dread leaving you to-day," and the face of Ceres grew very sad.

"O never mind," cried Proserpine, "I'll be good and do as you tell me. The day will pass before I know it."

Ceres kissed her child, then mounting her winged chariot was soon out of sight. Proserpine looked after her with a little sigh. "It's very nice to have a beautiful goddess for a mother," she said half aloud. "I'm sure I wouldn't change my mother for any one else in all the world. But it must be pleasant to have just an ordinary mother who may stay at home and not mind about the corn, save in her own patch."

This reminded Proserpine that she, too, had duties. She pulled fresh lettuce leaves for her rabbits, then threw grain to the scores of pink-footed doves, who came fluttering down from the dove cots the moment they saw her sunny head.

Then she led her two goats out to a good feeding place and tied them there. "Eat well, you rogues," she cried, patting them. "Mother will want some of your fresh milk to-night."

Next, Proserpine made a little cheese for her lunch, and laid it away in the cold dairy, prettily wrapt in vine

leaves. She ran to look at the bees and pulled up a few weeds in her garden.

"Now I'll get flowers for mother's garlands," said the little girl, tripping out into the sunshine. It seemed to Proserpine that she never had seen such beautiful blossoms before, so bright, so full of sweet odors.

There were lilies white as snow with golden hearts, and lilies red as blood. There were pale lemon-hued lilies and lilies of an angry orange splashed with brown. There were poppies fiery red and corn flowers bluer than the bluest sky.

In one place by the brook the ground was fairly carpeted with forget-me-nots. Roses of all colors climbed up the tree trunks and showed their sweet faces among the glossy green foliage.

Proserpine soon had her arms full, and was about to sit down by the fountain to weave her garlands. But her eye was caught by a large bush growing on the hillside. It was covered with the most beautiful flowers she had ever seen.

They were a deep red with glossy green leaves and a drop of dew, brighter than any diamond, in each golden heart. "I must have some of those," said Proserpine, stretching out her hand.

As she seized the bush she felt it quiver under her grasp. She heard a loud rumbling and fell over back-

wards, the bush still in her hand. A great hole opened in the hillside and out dashed a coal black horse with a man upon his back.

Leaning down he seized the child, and lifting her up in front of him, galloped away as swiftly as the wind.

For a moment Proserpine could not speak, so great was her fright. Then she began to struggle and scream.

"Mother! mother! help me! help!" But the far-away mother, bending over her corn in Sicily, could not hear her little daughter.

"Don't be so frightened, Proserpine," said the stranger, "I will not hurt you." Proserpine looked up into his dark face and saw that he wore a crown of gold. "Please let me go," she said, "my mother will be so sad if she doesn't find me at our gate to-night."

"I'll do anything for you but that," said the stranger. "You are the dearest little girl I ever saw. I want you with me in my kingdom, the under world. I am Pluto and I have no child."

Proserpine begged and begged but Pluto would not listen and urged his horse on faster. At last Proserpine saw it was no use to cry. She became quiet, but every now and then dropped a flower. Poor little thing! she hoped her mother might follow and rescue her.

They soon left the sunny valley and turned up a narrow path leading into the heart of the mountains.

It was a fearful path skirting the edge of a precipice. Proserpine could look far down and see the white foam of the stream hissing over the rocks. The eagle screamed above their heads and vultures, evil birds of prey, sat on the crags watching them.

Proserpine shuddered and covered her face. At last the path seemed to end in a great mountain directly across their way. It opened to receive them, then closed as they dashed on.

"Is this not fine, Proserpine?" cried Pluto. "See all the gold and silver in these rocks? I will give you bushels and bushels of diamonds, rubies and emeralds. You will love them better than your roses. See my palace with its thousands of golden lamps. Is it not finer than your poor little home?"

"O, no! no!" cried Proserpine, weeping bitterly. "Nothing is so dear as my home. O Pluto! let me go home, home! O! mother! mother!"

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com pan ions	di rect ly	or di na ry
Sic i ly	prec i pice	let tuce

THE POMEGRANATE SEEDS

II.

When Ceres returned that night she found the house empty. No darling little girl came running to meet her.

"The witch is full of her play," grumbled the weary goddess. "Well, I suppose I must hunt her up." She searched all through the valley but found no trace of Proserpine until she picked up a girdle on the path leading to the mountains. Near it lay a fading rose and farther on a bunch of the pale blue forget-me-nots that Proserpine loved.

Just then a shepherd came up to her and said, "This morning as I tended my sheep I heard loud screams and the sound of a horse galloping. I ran from my sheep but saw nothing though I still heard cries in the distance."

"My child has been stolen," moaned the poor mother, "and here are her girdle and the blossoms she loved." The shepherd tried to comfort her. He made her sit down and share his brown bread and goat's cheese. But Ceres ate very little; her one thought was to find her darling.

The goddess wandered from land to land telling her sad story. Every one pitied her, and all were kind,

but no one could give her any news of her lost darling. Finally in her sorrow she cursed the land that had been her care.

"Ungrateful land," she cried, "I have tended you day and night. If Proserpine is anywhere in your domain, why do you not pity me my sorrow and bring her back to me?"

So the land cursed by Ceres became bare and forlorn. The grass and flowers died, the harvest failed and both beast and man sickened. Ceres went back to her lonely home and sat down to mourn.

One day she heard a little fountain calling out to her. "Ceres! Ceres," it cried, "curse not the land. If it opened to receive Proserpine it was most unwillingly."

"What do you know about it?" cried the goddess, starting up from her sad musings.

"I was a wood nymph, Ceres, and one day as I bathed in a stream,a monster saw me and pursued me. Calling the gods for help I was changed into a stream. I fled through the under world where I saw Pluto with Proserpine."

Ceres at once went to Jupiter, the Father and Chief of all the gods, and begged that Proserpine might be restored to her. At last Jupiter consented, but on one condition. Proserpine could return if she had eaten no food with Pluto.

Ceres, full of joy, sent for Mercury, the messenger of the gods, and bade him go to the under world and bring back Proserpine.

Now, how had it been with the little girl in Pluto's gloomy yet splendid domain? The king had been very kind, offering her everything in his kingdom if she would only smile and be happy. The child grew thin and pale for she refused to eat even a morsel.

"You surely had no food as fine as I offer you," said Pluto one day, half angrily. "But I had bread and milk and honey," replied Proserpine, lifting her sad eyes to his, "and I had fruit far lovelier than your golden apples and ruby cherries."

Pluto made no reply, but he decided to send a messenger to the earth for some of the fruit Proserpine loved so well. Alas! the earth lay dead under the curse of Ceres. Only one thing could be found, a half-dried pomegranate.

Proserpine looked at it with moist, eager eyes. Before she was aware her teeth had closed over the rosy fruit and she had swallowed six of the seeds.

"Proserpine!" cried out a warning voice. Looking up she saw before her a young man. He wore winged shoes, there were restless wings on his cap, and two serpents twined about the rod he held in his hand.

"O Mercury," cried the child, dropping the pome-

granate and running up to him. "Have you come to take me back to my mother?"

"Have you eaten since you came here?" said Mercury, looking at the pomegranate which lay on the floor. "Only a few of the seeds," confessed Proserpine with burning cheeks.

"You have undone yourself, my poor child," said Mercury softly, "I see not how you can go."

"Let me die then," cried Proserpine, wildly. "I shall surely die if I do not see my mother again."

Pluto took her hand and said, "The Fates forbid that I let you go wholly, since you have eaten of the pomegranate seeds. If I give you up half of the time, will you return willingly to cheer my solitude?"

"O yes, that I promise," cried Proserpine, "you have been very kind to me. I will tell my mother, and I'm sure she will let me come."

So Proserpine returned with Mercury. After they left the under world, at every step of their journey grass and flowers sprang up.

Proserpine still spends her six months with Pluto in the under world, but when she comes back we all say "O how glad I am that spring has once more returned."

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61

THE STORY OF SIEGFRIED

What Mime Found in the Forest

Mime, the little dwarf, was working away at his anvil, making shoes for the hoofs of the elfin horses that patter so lightly over the tree tops when all the rest of the world is sleeping.

His fire burned so red and hot that the large cave where Mime lived was bright with its glow. The hammer made a pleasant tinkling sound, and the shoe on the anvil was the most perfect that even fairy skill could accomplish.

Yet Mime paused in his work and sighed. He wiped the sweat from his brow and looked gloomily at the little shoe.

"This is what I live for," he said to himself. "I toil in the dark that they who prance about in the light may still dance. Nothing ever happens here."

Just at that moment he heard far away in the forest, the music of a silver horn. Throwing down his hammer he went out of the door and listened. The music came again, but more faintly.

Mime started to run in the direction from which the sound had come. Once again stirred the sweet sound, but it was a mere breath. Then Mime saw under a

spreading oak the body of a young and a beautiful woman.

Her pale hands still clasped the silver horn, but the eyes were closed. A baby was crying on the moss beside her. It had rolled over on its face, and was pulling at the mother's gown with one fat hand.

As Mime bent over the woman she opened her eyes and said faintly, "Help me, I am dying. Care for my little Siegfried! He has no father, no one in the world to care for him."

"Who was his father?" asked Mime, who was a curious little fellow.

"A brave man, a hero!" murmured the mother. "Keep the trumpet and sword. He only can mend and use it who knows not fear! They were his. Keep them for Siegfried!" With a weary sigh the mother closed her eyes and she spoke no more.

Mime lifted the crying child in his arms and looked at him.

"I don't want to be bothered with a young child," said the dwarf, crossly. Then the evil thought came, "Why not leave the baby with his dead mother?"

At the moment Siegfried put up a stout fist and tugged away at Mime's beard, laughing loudly. "I might as well take care of him," said the dwarf. He

picked up the trumpet and looked about for the sword. At last he found it under a fold of the mother's garments, but it was broken in two pieces.

Mime buried the poor mother where she lay, and took the baby with the trumpet and sword to his cave. Something had at last happened.

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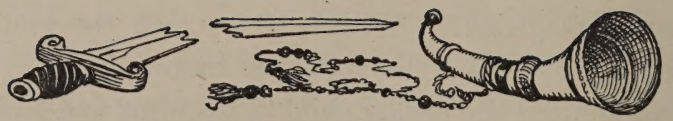
ac com plish cu ri ous

Mime (Mēēm)



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THE STORY OF SIEGFRIED

Siegfried's Life with Mime

Siegfried was a happy baby. He would lie and coo as Mime worked at his anvil and stretch out his tiny hands for the red fire. Before long he was able to crawl about, and before Mime realized it he was walking.

There was hardly a thing in the cave that his chubby hands did not lay hold on. Mime had hidden the sword, but the silver horn lay on a shelf, and one day Siegfried managed to pull it down.

Mime blew the horn to amuse the child and Siegfried in his turn tried to make the same sweet music.

As he grew older he learned to do everything Mime did, and dearly loved to hammer out tiny shoes for the elfin horses. But he cared less for the gloomy cave. He loved the sunshine and the free forest life.

Everything in nature seemed to love Siegfried. The birds flew down and perched on his shoulder, and the squirrel let him pat its furry coat. Little rabbits came out of the bushes and played about him, and the shy deer did not start away at the sound of his steps.

One day Siegfried had an adventure. He heard a loud growling near by, with the sounds of something in

distress. Breaking through the thicket he saw a big brown bear dancing about in great pain.

It seems that Bruin had found a wild bees' nest full of honey and was having a feast indeed, when the whole swarm came down upon him.

At first Siegfried could not help laughing, it seemed so funny. In a moment, however, he was sorry for the poor brute, and ran forward to help him.

Strange to say the bees did not sting Siegfried but flew away at his word of command. Then the boy put wet clay from the brookside on the nose and paws of the bear, who felt better in a little while.

After this Bruin was his greatest friend, and the two met every day and played merrily together.

One evening as Siegfried was about to return to the cave a sudden thought struck him. "Let's give Mime a good surprise," he said to Bruin.

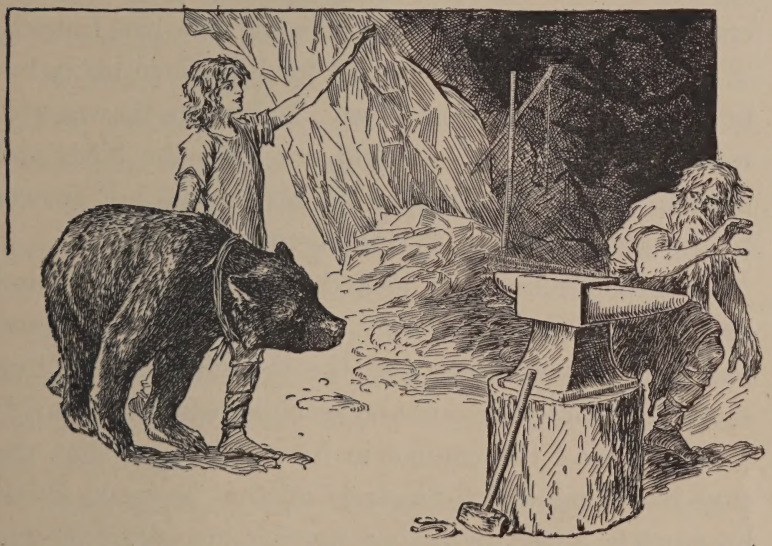
He took some rushes and wove them into a rope. This he tied around the bear's neck and taking the other end in his hand said, "Come along!"

Mime was hard at work when Siegfried came in with a shout, dragging the great brown creature after him. Mime threw down the hammer and rushed behind the anvil where he lay in a dreadful fright. Nothing could make him come out, while the bear was there.

So Siegfried loosened the rope and patting the huge

creature, said, "Go home now, playmate. We meet in the forest to-morrow." Bruin trotted out of the cave without a backward look, and ran into the forest.

Mime crawled out of his corner hardly able to speak. "Are you not afraid of that dreadful beast?" he at last managed to say. "Have you no fear?"



Mime was hard at work when Siegfried came in.

Siegfried looked into the dark, anxious face of the little dwarf, his blue eyes full of wonder. "I have never been afraid of anything in all my life," he said. "What is fear?"

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THE STORY OF SIEGFRIED

The Awakening

Siegfried grew to be a tall, bright-faced lad in the free life of the great forest. And yet he was not entirely happy. Much as he loved the friendship of the wild creatures he began to long for some one like himself.

Even Mime who had cared for him since his babyhood did not satisfy him now. To be sure he was able to talk with him as he could not with the birds and beasts. Yet Mime, with all his skill, could not answer to the great want in the young man's breast.

Siegfried sometimes looked at the bent form and dark brow of the little dwarf, then at his own tall figure and fair shapely limbs and the thought came to him more than once, "I cannot be his child, who then am I?"

Mime read the change in him and knew that the time had come to tell Siegfried all that he could about his parents. One night they were sitting before the fire in the cave. Siegfried stared into the red glow with a thoughtful eye; for a long time he had not spoken.

Mime coughed, half rose, then sank back in his chair and began speaking as if to himself. "It was a day like unto this," he said, "that day the voice of the silver horn called me.

"I ran out into the forest. I searched in every thicket until I found" — here Mime paused and looked keenly at Siegfried. The lad stirred a little but did not speak.

"I found on the mossy floor of the forest a woman, seemingly cold in death. Her hand still grasped the horn that had called me from my anvil. By her side struggled a babe — "

Siegfried sprang to his feet. "It was I — I," he panted rather than spoke. Mime did not appear to notice him and went on.

"Even as I bent above the mother she opened her eyes already clouded by the approach of death. 'Care for my child, my little Siegfried,' she said."

"And my father?" "Was a hero." "But the woman?" "She died in giving you to me, and these hands made her grave under the spreading oak where she was lying."

Siegfried burst into a passion of tears. "Then I am still alone, no father, no mother! Oh, poor, poor mother!"

Mime arose and took the pieces of the sword from their hiding place. "See, Siegfried," he said, "this was your father's sword. Your mother bade me save it for you. With her own lips she said, 'He only can use and mend it who knows not fear.' "

Siegfried took the sword and pressed the fragments to his lips. "My father's sword, the sword of a hero! Canst mend the sword, Mime?"

"We might try this very night," cried Mime, springing to his feet. He blew the bellows until the fire roared. Then he heated the fragments and tried to weld them together, hammering with all his might.

Siegfried watched him with eager interest. "It must be very strong, Mime!" he cried. "Ay! that," panted the little dwarf amid a shower of sparks. "Hammer well, good Mime! It is the sword of my father." "Yes, the sword of a hero! I know, I know!"

At last the sword was finished and lay, a whole thing, upon the anvil. Mime plunged it in water again and again until the steam no longer hissed from the heated blade. "Here is your sword," he said, giving it into Siegfried's hand.

"If it is well mended it must be very strong," cried the lad. He whirled it in the air about his head, and struck at the oak trunk that held up the roof of the cave. The sword broke in two pieces in his hand.

"It must be stronger yet," stammered the dwarf. "Let me try it again, my Siegfried." So the dwarf hammered away and the cave echoed with the sound of his blows.

"Now it is ten times stronger," he said as the sword was finished a second time.

"Then even this anvil may not break it," cried Siegfried, dashing it against the great iron block. The sword broke in many pieces that flew in all directions. "I cannot do it," said the little dwarf, sadly, burying his sooty face in his black hands. "Your mother said, 'He only can mend and use it who knows not fear.' I fear a thousand things."

"Never mind, Mime," said Siegfried, "I will mend the sword. I do not know what it is to fear."

Siegfried gathered up every bit of the sword and ground all into powder. This he heated until it melted, and then he let the bright hot fluid run into a mould. When it had cooled enough he began to hammer. Never had that cave heard such hammering. The sparks flew until the air was full of them, and the anvil fairly rang with the sound of the fierce hammer.

Siegfried sang as he hammered, and his golden head gleamed amid the sparks, even brighter than they.

"Oh bright one! keen one," he cried, "swifter than lightning shalt thou be, keener than the fiercest sunbeam. Thou shalt be terrible, thou sword of a hero!" Mime crouched in a dark corner, half in wonder, half in fear of this bright worker and his song.

At last Siegfried held the sword above him, and

its blade shone so keenly that even the fire looked dull and cold beside it.

"Prove thyself, strong one," he shouted, dashing it against the anvil! A moment more and he raised the sword again, whole and unharmed, but the great anvil was rent in two pieces.

Then did Siegfried's joy know no bounds. "Oh my darling! my bright one!" he cried. "Sword of my father! Sword of a hero! I, too, will be a hero!"

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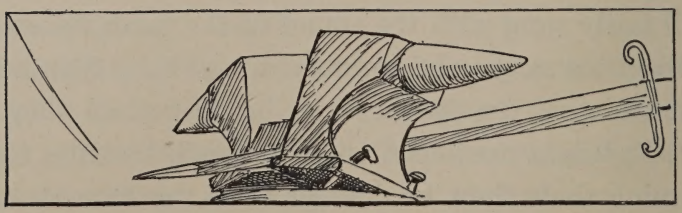

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THE STORY OF SIEGFRIED

Siegfried and the Dragon

After Siegfried had mended his father's sword and proven its strength, he was no longer content with the forest life. "You tell me my father was a hero?" he asked Mime. "Pray what is a hero?"

"I have lived so long in the cave that I have only dim memories of the world of men," replied the dwarf. "Yet I can tell you what a hero is. He, first of all, knows no fear, and he delights in deeds of strength and valor. Because he is so strong, he will help and protect and save those who are weak or in distress. If you wish to be such, Siegfried, you must go out into the world."

"Yes, I already know that," said Siegfried. "I love the forest and everything in it, but I am a man, now, and I need men. I must go."

It was a beautiful summer day when Siegfried said good-bye to Mime and left his forest home. He thought the woodland never so lovely before. The air was full of spicy odors and thousands of flowers peered out with bright faces from every thicket.

"Good-bye, Siegfried," sang the birds, fluttering

after him. "Good-bye, our brother," said the wild creatures, as they ran along his path.

Siegfried bent to caress them and was not ashamed of the tears that lay upon his face. "Good-bye, my dear playmates," he cried, "I shall never forget our happy sports under these friendly old trees."

When Siegfried had left the forest behind and had come into the world of men, he heard a flutter in the bushes, followed by loud screams.

"Some one in distress. I must look into this," said Siegfried. He found, crouching amid the ferns, a pretty little girl, clasping a basket. Her eyes were staring with fright and all the color faded from her round cheeks.

The moment she saw Siegfried, the red came flying back. "Oh! oh!" she cried, "how glad I am it's you! I thought it was the dragon."

"What is the dragon, pretty one," said Siegfried, "and why should you be afraid of him?"

"The dragon? Oh you've never seen him, then, if you don't know. He is a terrible, wicked monster. He lives in a cave upon the mountain side, and he steals and eats up all our sheep and cows. But he does even worse! He has swallowed men and women and some of my playmates. We hardly dare leave our houses now."

"Then why are you here, sweetheart?"

"You see, it was this way," said the child, looking up into his face. "My father went early this morning to search for some sheep the dragon had frightened away. But he said he would be at the blasted oak by the noon hour, and I said I was not afraid to bring him his dinner. You know the dragon is usually asleep in his cave through the middle of the day."

"Why do not the men kill him?" asked Siegfried.

"If you once saw that dragon you wouldn't ask," replied the child. "He has such a big mouth that sends out flames and smoke! Why, his body and tail are covered with poisonous scales. No sword could get through those scales. They are tougher than iron."

"This sword can," cried Siegfried, waving it. "This sword will."

"Oh — *can* you kill the dragon?" cried the child, clasping her hands. "If you only can, I will love you. Every one will be so happy! All our village will love you. Are you one of the gods? I'm sure you are beautiful enough."

"No, I am not a god," laughed Siegfried as he bent to kiss the innocent cherry mouth, "but I mean to be a hero. Heroes must lend aid whenever there is need. Tell me, darling, will the dragon come out to-day?"

"Oh yes, he will come out at sundown to drink at

the spring. We are near his path. Don't you see where he has burned away all the grass and pretty flowers?"

"Well, dear one, leave your basket under the blasted oak and then run away home," said Siegfried. "But I don't want the dragon to kill you," said the child, piteously.

"Have no fear, he will not kill me. I am not afraid of him. Run home now, and by and by we will make merry together over his downfall."

The child tripped away with many a backward glance. When her graceful little form was lost to view Siegfried set to work and dug with his sword a great hole in the path over which the dragon must pass. He covered the hole with branches from which he stripped the leaves, and sprinkled earth and stones over it all so that the ground seemed to have been hardly disturbed.

Then he rested until sunset hour watching the mountain side. At last he saw a puff of smoke from among the trees! The dragon had started to get his evening drink.

"The time has come," muttered Siegfried as he crept down into the hole, grasping his sword. As the dragon drew near he could feel the earth shake and the air grew more sultry.

At last he felt the monster directly over his head, and thrusting up his sword Siegfried ran it to the very hilt through the creature's belly. Oh! what a writhing there was. What a tossing of body and lashing of tail! What groans and fierce cries!

But Siegfried held on steadily until the dragon lay still. Even then he waited. After a long time he ventured out of the hole and saw that the ugly creature was dead.

The village people, who were hiding in the bushes, came out joyfully and built a great fire about the dragon's body. Its flames roared and sprang up toward the rising moon, and every one sang and praised Siegfried for his great deed.

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65

THE STORY OF SIEGFRIED

The Fire Ring

Siegfried rested with his new friends several days, and the child Nydia told him all the stories of gods and heroes she had learned from the old grandmother who sat at her wheel by the hearth.

Siegfried felt his blood stir as he listened. He was learning what it meant to be a hero, and he longed for more adventures.

After a while he left the village and began his wanderings. I should tell you that a drop of the dragon's blood had fallen upon Siegfried's finger. As it burned his flesh he put the finger in his mouth and something happened. He found that he could understand all that the birds and beasts were saying to one another.

As Siegfried went into the forest once more, a little bird, perched upon the boughs overhead, called out to him.

Siegfried stopped to listen as it told him of his father and mother — their great love for one another and for him, and their sad death. Then it went on:

"Siegfried — son of a hero," it sang, "go on to still greater deeds. Far away on a green hillside, fast

wrapped in a magic sleep, lies Brunhilde, a beautiful daughter of the Father of Gods. She was placed there because of her disobedience to her great father. It was her duty to bring to Valhalla, the paradise of heroes, the souls of noted heroes who had perished on the battlefield. She spared your father and turned aside the spear of the foe.

"For this disobedience she was put to sleep, and Odin, her great father, commanded that a ring of flame spring up about her. Only he who is without fear may pass through the flame and awaken her."

"I will go and rescue the beautiful maiden," cried Siegfried, joyously.

He journeyed many miles through the forest and across the country. At last he found the green hillside with its circle of flame.

Coming near he saw that there was no opening, so without a moment's hesitation or thought of fear he dashed through the flames. They did not harm him, and as he looked back he saw them sink in ashes on all sides. The spell had been broken.

In the very center of the ring was a great rock upon which lay the form of the most beautiful young girl Siegfried had ever seen. Her eyes were closed, and her golden curls shaded rosy cheeks and fell upon the breast that was gently moving with her calm breathing.

Siegfried knelt by her side and took one of the lovely hands.

"Brunhilde," he said softly. The wonderful eyes slowly opened and gazed upon him. They were bluer than the bluest lake waters where the whitest lilies grow.

She smiled and said, "So you have come, my hero."

"Yes, I have come to repay you for all your kindness to my dear father."

So the two, hand in hand, wandered into the green forest, and Siegfried knew that he had at last found the friend his heart had so long desired.

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Brun hilde	par a dise
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66

GRANDMA LANE'S PARTY GOWN

Grandma Lane sat in the big chair before the fire knitting away so fast her clicking needles made a music of their own. She was not the real grandmother of Polly, Archie, and Gretchen, but a very dear family friend who came twice a year for a long visit.

"I was thinking to-day of the great husking at Squire Lee's," said the old lady suddenly, as she paused to adjust a needle. "You know, Helen, I've been looking over the things in the cedar chest. I found a blanket your grandmother wove, Roger. She was my best friend, Sophia Southworth was, and we each made one, just alike, at the same time. It set me to thinking of the gown I made for the husking."

"Won't you tell us about it?" said Mr. Southworth, laying down his paper, while the children moved nearer grandma's chair.

"Why, yes, if you really want to know," said grandma, looking very much pleased. "Squire Lee had the largest farm in the township and was the most important man for miles around. He had a big husking bee every fall. We always looked forward to that bee. It was the event of the season.

"Now my best white dimity had grown too small

for me and I really needed a new gown. So I went to mother about it and she said, 'If you think you can make the gown without help, after you've finished your "stint," I'll give you enough flax.'

"You girls of to-day don't know what it means to work. On our farm there was spinning, weaving, brewing and soap-making going on as well as washing, baking, cleaning, sewing and the regular day's work.

"I had my share, and this gown must be an extra. Nothing else could be pushed aside for it. Well, I took the flax and spun it on the small wheel. You girls like a spinning wheel in the parlor because it's the fashion. How many of you know how to use it?

"Though I was very strong and well I used to get pretty tired in both hand and foot. It took me weeks to get enough yarn ready. I dyed part of it dark blue with indigo, and part a yellowish brown, with madder. The rest I left just as it was.

"Then I wove my yarn into cloth in the loom. I wove it in big two-inch checks, blue, brown and white. It took a long time to weave enough cloth for a gown.

"Father was so pleased, he gave me a gold piece to buy slippers. We had to send to Albany for them.

"It was getting near time for the husking bee, so mother excused me from my other work. I cut and

made that gown and set every stitch with my own hands. I wish you could have seen it!"

The needles were not clicking now for the stockings had fallen into the old lady's lap. "How was it made?" inquired Polly, who was fond of pretty things.

"The skirt was very full, and flounced nearly to the waist. The neck was low and had a fall of lace that I knit the winter before, a clover-leaf pattern, and all the fashion. There were beautiful leg o' mutton sleeves. In those days we wore hoop skirts, and big ones too! And we wore two or three stiff white petticoats under our gowns.

"They say I looked lovely in mine, with my white, open-work stockings and high-heeled slippers with silver buckles. I have those buckles now. They were Uncle Elias's, he who fought at Bennington.

"I had mother's big cameo pin and Aunt Sally's shell comb in my curls. I also wore a red rose behind one ear and another at my waist. Mother had a monthly rose bush in a pot in the south window.

"My hoop was very large, children. When I went to church I could hardly get in through the pew door. Why are you laughing? Every one wore a hoop skirt then. I have known my sisters to refuse to answer a knock at the door if they did not have their hoops on.

"Well, I went to the husking and every one said I

had the prettiest gown there. I had more red ears than any one else there and danced every dance. What do I mean by 'red ears,' Polly? Why, if a young man found a red ear in his heap he would give it to some girl and — well — your mother can tell you the rest."

"Where was Grandpa Lane at this time?" inquired Gretchen.

"Well, he was at the party, too. He and Francis Lee came home from the academy on purpose to go."

"I suppose he admired the gown, and the girl, with the rest of the world," said Mr. Southworth, gravely.

"Your Grandfather Lane was a very polite young man, and I do recall that he paid me a compliment on my gown. He did not say much, though; people in those days were not as foolish as they are now."

Grandma Lane began to knit fast and held her dear white head a trifle higher. The pink roses in her old cheeks had turned a deep red. She was thinking of the past, and in her heart of hearts felt that no time could be equal to those good old days.

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67

NARVA'S GIFT

A Story of the Cave Dwellers

I.

Maya came slowly up the hill weeping, her little thin face hidden in her little thin hands. The bone bracelets and anklets that she wore in common with the other girls of her tribe were all too large for the wasted limbs, and rattled mournfully.

It was a strange landscape; a confusion of rough, frowning hills and masses of deep red rock, with a faint trace of green in the hollows and low bushes by the streams.

The sky was covered with yellowish clouds through which the sun was trying to shine. There was a chilly, fog-like vapor in the air.

A boy lay on the hillside, some pieces of wood in his hand. At the sound of Maya's crying he sprang to his feet and ran toward her. "What is it now, Maya?" he said anxiously. "Has any one beaten you again?"

"Oh, no, no," wailed the child, "but I am hungry — hungry. We women have had no food since yesterday morning. To-day after the men had eaten and we

came forward for what was left, we found — nothing! My mother cried, 'Is there no food, even for the children? My baby will die.' Then Red Augun struck her and said, 'If you women were but men we should have hunters the more, and the tribe would not suffer from hunger.' "

The boy, Narva, threw back his head angrily, and his blue eyes flashed. "Oh that I were a man!" he cried, "I would punish every one who laid a hand on a woman. I know you will tell me, Maya, that a woman is nothing. We have been taught so and every one else believes it. Listen, Maya — I do not. Something tells me it is not true. Women are our mothers. We should die as children if it were not for them. Do you ask how I know this? My own mother died at my birth. I was a poor, weak child, and the elders of our tribe wished to cast me out to die also. Your mother, Maya, took me to her breast and saved me. Is this not good? Is it not as well to save a life as to have the strength to kill a mammoth?"

"Where do you get such thoughts?" said Maya lovingly. "You are the smallest and weakest one in all our tribe. You never go forth with the others to hunt. My mother and I alone love you. Every one else sneers at you because you are so weak. Yet you are more to us than the strongest one there. Why is it?"

"My thoughts, they come to me," replied Narva, dreamily, "on these hills and always when I am alone. They never come in the Dance Hall or at meat. Oh, I know I am small and weak, Maya! I know I am despised by the others because I have never joined the hunt. More than this, little sister, I know they will force me to take part in the next outgoing."

"O Narva," screamed Maya, "you will be killed! You must not go."

"The need is very urgent," said Narva, gravely. "Even our strongest men are hungry. The very moment news is brought of a herd of mammoths feeding near, every man of our tribe will go out to kill. I shall go, too, and I am ready."

"How can you?" shuddered Maya. "A hunt is so terrible, they say. Have not our strongest men been killed, sometimes, by the fierce creatures? How can you swing those heavy clubs? Narva, you know you can not even lift one."

"I shall not try," said Narva smiling. "There may be other ways to kill. Do you remember the little creature we found dead once? A long, sharp thorn had pierced its side. It lay cold and we saw the blood.

"I have never forgotten that, Maya. It gave me a new thought. I have not been idle all these days up

among the hills. I may not serve my people with the club, but there must be other ways."

"I know you are very wise," said Maya admiringly. "If you could only find an easier way to kill than by the club, our poor people would not suffer so from hunger. Every one would praise you then, Narva of the yellow hair."

"We will see, little sister. But here comes Tyldo the runner. See how he pants! He has news. Let us go down into the village."

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NARVA'S GIFT

II.

A wild figure passed them, his hair streaming on the wind, his eyes bloodshot from weariness. He panted as he ran, but now and then a hoarse cry came from his parched lips.

As they entered the village the people, old and young, were pouring from their caves among the rocks to surround Tyldo.

"A great herd — in the valley of the hot springs, I

have not ceased my running since the noontide," gasped the runner.

Red Augun, the largest and strongest man in the village, grasped his club and waved it with a wild cry that was echoed by every one. There was a keen excitement shared even by the young children.

"We go at once," commanded the Chief Urtha. "With speed we reach the painted rocks above the valley before the stars pale. We rest there until sunrise, then we do battle. Every man in the tribe goes for we must have two bands. One will guard the lower end of the valley and hold the pass that the beasts do not escape. Whichever way they turn they find us ready. They cannot scale the cliffs and they fear the hot springs; we have them."

"Narva will stay with the women and children," said the mocking voice of Witka, Narva's enemy. "He is no man."

"Narva will go," said a clear voice and the boy pushed his way forward. "Urtha, chief, say that I march by your side, for I would speak with you this night."

"Give him his club, then," said Urtha with a keen look at the lad. It was a troubled look as well, for the boy's father had been his friend.

"He has his club already in that wand he forever

fingers," came mockingly from the crowd and a great laugh arose.

"Yes, I have my club and need no other," said the boy, composedly. "We will see what it can do."

All that night as the men marched, Narva, by Urtha's side, spoke low and eagerly. Even when they rested by the painted rocks their talk did not soon cease.

At early dawn a band was sent to the lower end of the valley to beat up the herd and drive it fleeing along, to be met with wild cries and fierce clubbing by the other party. Men were also stationed on the cliffs to roll down heavy stones upon the huge beasts.

Narva was of the band at the lower end of the valley. As the first mammoth rose from the sod and sniffed the air, scenting an enemy, Narva ran out in its very path and raised his two arms. He held a long, curved piece of wood that had a strip of skin fastened to either end. He set a slender stick to this cord of skin, and aiming straight at the mammoth's eye, pulled hard.

There was a whizz through the air as the first man-made arrow sped on its mission. The huge beast wavered a moment, then tottered and fell while the rest of the herd fled up the valley. Narva had leaped up the cliff the moment the mammoth fell. He stood there, still holding his bow, while the rest of the band ran forward.

The mammoth was really dead. Narva's arrow had pierced through the eye to the brain. In the meantime a fierce battle was being waged at the upper end of the valley.

The men ran on to assist their brothers, and Narva followed. He was soon left behind, but his work was not done. A single beast had turned from the herd and was running back. Again Narva raised his bow. Again the singing arrow travelled through the misty air. This time the creature was only wounded, and the men soon dispatched it with their clubs.

The wonderful news had spread. Three mammoths lay dead in the valley of the hot springs, and the tribe had food for many days to come. Two had been overcome by the magic "club" of Narva. The men crept together and looked in wonder at the lad.

"Speak, my son," said Urtha, kindly. Then Narva stepped out before them. "I am but a boy, O my people," he began. "I am the slightest and weakest of you all. I shall never wield the club, Red Augun, nor shall I wrestle with beasts, O Witka. Yet this day have I served my tribe as you may bear witness.

"It is not the arm alone that does a deed of valor. He who thinks may also do great deeds. I have not been the idler and weakling that you think. I saw my people's hunger and my heart was moved. I saw the

tears of one who took me to her breast in infancy.

"Then said I to my own heart, 'Find thou the way.' There must be that which is greater than the club. I saw the flash of the lightning. I saw the sweep of the branch in the fierce wind. I know that thorns pierce and our flint stones wound.

"This 'club' of mine, as you term it, is no magic weapon. See! it is but a curving branch, a string of skin, a reed with a tip of flint. I have long dreamed over it. I made many 'clubs' before I could fashion one that could kill.

"When you thought me dreaming I was working for you. I can teach you how to make 'clubs' like mine. We will make better ones still. What say you, O my people?"

There was a murmur in the crowd, then Red Augun stepped forward. "The word of the boy is a good one. Let us learn to make the new clubs that kill so swiftly that our people may be fed and our little ones no longer moan."

"Ay! ay! the new 'club'!" shouted the people with one voice. So they returned to the village with songs and rejoicing, bearing upon their brawny shoulders the one whose love and thought had given them the bow and arrow.

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68

A FAMOUS SLIDING PLACE

I.

It had been a mild season with but little snow and the hearts of Boston boys were sad enough. Of what benefit was it to have a fine new sled painted in stripes of red and yellow if one was unable to use it?

Was it any wonder that Master Lovell at the Latin School found it hard work to keep the attention of his lads, when great white flakes began to drift down from a sky of leaden gray?

Joseph Lovering made up faces at Harrison Otis behind his Latin Grammar, at the same time rolling up an imaginary snowball. Little Harrison with a careful eye at Mr. James, mending quill pens at his desk, threw back another ball of the same kind. Mr. James looked up suddenly, catching him in the very act, but only smiled. Harrison grew very red and fell to studying his "Caesar" with renewed devotion.

A true boy's heart had Mr. James Lovell, and well did he understand the small beings who were at once his torment and delight.

It was a long, low schoolroom with Master Lovell head teacher at one end, and his son at the other. Master Lovell was an ardent Loyalist and lost no op-

portunity of impressing upon his scholars the duty they owed to his Majesty King George.

Mr. James in his turn was a red-hot Whig and upheld the rights of the colonists. When Master Lovell was about to flog Dick Winslow for calling King George a "crazy loon" it was Mr. James who begged his father to forgive this once, lest the standing of the school suffer injury.

The snow continued during the day and all night. The following morning the boys walked to school in drifts nearly to their knees. Each had agreed to bring his sled at the afternoon session and begin to make the famous slide which should reach from the corner of Beacon Street quite to the Frog Pond.

They worked until supper time and went home much pleased with the results of their labors. "Won't my Yankee Cracker just shoot along to-morrow morning?" said Edward Warren, sucking his red, cold finger tips, for he had forgotten his mittens and remembered them now only when the work was done.

The following morning as Dick Winthrop reached the schoolhouse he saw a group of his mates gathered outside, all talking loudly and in the greatest excitement.

"What's to pay?" cried Dick, pushing his way in. "The Evil One's to pay," shouted a tall lad, "and

his red-coated imps have done the mischief. Just see what those lobsters, the King's men, have done? They have spread ashes down the hill to ruin our coasting, and broken all the ice in the Frog Pond!"

An angry growl and hot words burst from the lads. "Let's ask Mr. James what to do?" proposed Joseph Lovering.

Mr. James was full of sympathy for the boys, but advised them to clear the ashes away and say nothing. The boys did this, but it was hard work and left little time for their sport.

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A FAMOUS SLIDING PLACE

II.

The next morning the slide was found covered with ashes as before. The lads cleared it a second time, somewhat comforted by Mr. James's assurance that very likely it would not again happen, after the soldiers saw they were so ready to repair the damage.

The third morning the slide was worse than before. At recess time the lads got together to consult

what was best to be done. Some of the boys were anxious to go to the camp and snowball the red coats. Others did not favor this, lest the soldiers fire against them. They had not forgotten marching to Copp's Hill to attend the funeral of their mate, Christopher Snider. He had fallen, pierced by the ball of a British gun. The lad of eleven had been simply looking on during a political riot.

"We might see General Haldimond," suggested one of the boys. "Why not go to Governor Gage," said another. "He's not a bad fellow, they say. He married a Colony girl, and perhaps he'll see justice done!"

"That's it! That's it!" shouted the boys. "Let's go in a body and Ned Saltonstall shall do the talking."

"We must be very mannerly," spoke up little Harrison Otis, "and show him that Boston boys are gentlemen first of all."

So that afternoon a procession of some twenty lads marched down Old Marlborough Street to the Province House, as the Governor's residence was called. They were very neatly dressed, their faces and hands were shining with cleanliness, their curly locks in glossy order.

The Province House was a stately brick mansion standing in a grove of fine shade trees. There was a cupola on top where a bronze Indian stood shooting

an arrow. Up over the door were the arms of England, the lion and the unicorn in gay colors.

As they entered the broad corridor they were challenged by a sentinel in scarlet who was on duty there. An officer who was passing stopped and asked their business.

Edward stated it gravely, whereupon the officer nearly bent double with his laughter. The boys, however, stood silent; no smiles were on their faces. It was no occasion for laughter with them.

The officer saw it and said kindly, "I think the Governor will be anxious to see you, and I shall give myself the honor and pleasure of introducing you."

When the boys found themselves in the Governor's presence, they saw a stout, clean-shaven man, in a bright-red coat, long buff waistcoat, white silk hose and high shoes with silver buckles.

"Bless me! bless me!" he said, "what's all this! I am indeed honored! I am glad to see so many little men. What is your business, for I take it you come on business?"

Edward Saltonstall stepped forward bravely, "We came, your Excellency, to ask a redress of our grievances."

"What!" cried the Governor, "have your fathers been teaching you rebellion and sent you to utter it?"

"We have come of our own will," replied Edward stoutly. "No one sent us and no one knows of our coming. We have never injured or insulted your soldiers though they lose no chance of annoying us. They spread ashes on our snow hills and break the ice in our skating pond. When we complain they laugh at us and taunt us, they call us little rebels and bid us help ourselves. Yesterday our coasting place was spoiled for the third time and we will bear it no longer."

"Well! well!" gasped the Governor, but his eyes were not unfriendly. "Good heavens! the very children draw in a love of liberty with the air they breathe."

"Yes, yes, the scoundrels," growled an officer who stood near. But the kind Governor did not share such feelings.

"You may go, my brave lads," he said, "and if any of my troops molest you, I pledge my word they shall be punished. God knows I have enough trouble with Boston men without wanting to fight children."

"Thank you, sir! thank you!" chorused the lads, and bowing politely they withdrew. Once out on the lawn all threw up their caps and gave "three cheers and a tiger" for the kindly Governor.

And he proved a true gentleman, keeping his word to the very letter. From that day the Latin School boys possessed their playgrounds in peace and safety.

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69

HOW PRISCILLA SERVED HER COUNTRY

I.

Betty Hayden had finished her stint and was playing with Priscilla on the porch. In those long-ago days every little girl had her stint.

Sometimes it was a dish towel to hem or squares of patchwork to be put together with neat, careful stitches. Then again it might be so many inches of "over and over" sewing on a sheet.

Betty's stint was ten rounds on the silk stocking she

was knitting for father. This was a great undertaking for a little girl only eight.

In those days all men's trousers ended at the knee, so their stockings were long and must fit without a wrinkle. Mr. Hayden was proud of his finely shaped leg, so was little daughter Betty. The stockings must be the best of their kind.

So the bright needles had gone on carefully in their clicking. Every stitch thus far was neatly set, and Betty wrapped up her work in a snowy kerchief with much satisfaction.

She had already dressed for the afternoon and taking Priscilla, seated herself on the bench under the vines.

Priscilla, was a fine lady doll that Aunt Hester had sent to Betty on her last birthday. As Aunt Hester lived in London, Priscilla had had a long sea voyage in the ship "Caroline."

She was clad in a spreading gown of finest satin with a tightly laced bodice of black velvet. Her big sleeves were of cream-colored lace and she wore a cap of the same on her powdered locks.

"Priscilla," said Betty gravely, "even if you came from London on the king's ship, never forget that you are a patriot and serve only our good General Washington."

Priscilla gazed at her mistress with glassy eyes and a fixed smile, but made no reply.

"Even if our army has been driven from South Carolina," went on Betty, "it will come back; the right cause cannot fail in the end. My father says that Englishmen in America are fighting for the rights of Englishmen the world over, so we must not give in."

Priscilla still did not speak. "If I ever find you giving aid or comfort to the enemy, Priscilla, I shall take off your satin gown and dress you in homespun grays," said Betty in terrible tones.

Just at that moment Mr. Hayden called from the open door. Betty at once jumped up and made a little curtsey as every well-bred child of her day would do in the presence of an elder.

"Come upstairs to the linen room, daughter," he said quietly, "I wish to see you." Betty laid Priscilla down and followed her father up the shining oaken stairs. The linen room was at the very end of the house. Her mother was there unfolding sheets and hunting for weak places that needed darning. The piles on the shelves were not as high as usual. Much had gone to camp in the service of the wounded soldiers of the patriot army.

Mr. Hayden closed the door, and said to Betty in low tones, "Do you think you could do an important

errand for me this afternoon, daughter? You know the Widow Belden's cottage in the pine woods three miles away on the road to the corn mill?"

"Yes, father," said Betty. "Cæsar called in to get a seedcake for me the last time we took the corn to be ground."

"You remember Captain Francis Marion, Betty?"

"O yes, father. He gave me my pretty gold bracelet. It came from France, he said. His people brought it over when they had to flee for their lives. I have heard Captain Marion tell about it more than once."

"Captain Marion visits Widow Belden to-night. You know her only son was his best friend, and since Jack's death he has looked after the poor soul. Now I want you to take some hanks of tow to her for spinning. That is your errand. I also want you to leave a note with the widow to give to Captain Marion when he arrives."

"I'm sure I can do it," said Betty with very red cheeks.

"But you will have to go near the camp, and very likely you may fall in with some of the soldiers. It takes a wise head to serve one's country in these troubled times, daughter."

"But I'm taking tow to Widow Belden," said Betty,

her eyes snapping. "And not supposed to know anything else," added her father smiling.

"Where can she carry the note?" said her mother in low, troubled tones. "If any one searched her — you know how often that is done!"

"Why not let Priscilla carry it?" said Betty. "There is a beautiful little place under her cap."

"But the cap is sewed on," said Mrs. Hayden.

"I know it is, but a place has come loose. I saw it only yesterday. If the note isn't very big it can be tucked under just as easy."

"The note is but a line," replied Mr. Hayden. "I will tell it to you in case anything happens to Priscilla.

" 'A detachment crosses Nelson's Ferry to-morrow.' Can you remember that?"

Betty said over the words several times, then ran downstairs for Priscilla. Mr. Hayden printed the message in very small letters on a tiny slip of paper. He rolled this up as snugly as possible and slipped it under the white lace cap of the London doll.

Then Mother Hayden filled the red and white basket with hanks of tow, and with Priscilla on the other arm, the little maiden set out on her journey.

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HOW PRISCILLA SERVED HER COUNTRY

II.

Betty's little patriot heart beat very high. She was at last going to serve her country, she and Priscilla.

For the first mile nothing happened out of the usual run. The white highway stretched ahead bathed in the mellow Southern sunshine. The world seemed taking its afternoon nap, even the flowers drooped heavily.

Very soon Betty turned up the side road leading to the corn mill, and came upon a group of British soldiers on their horses. They stopped short at their leader's order and Betty stopped also.

"What have we here?" said the leader, a fair, laughing-faced young Englishman. "A very young lady to be out alone," said his friend who rode on the other side. "What is your name, my blossom?"

"Betty Hayden, sir," replied Betty dropping her curtsey.

"Daughter of Josiah Hayden of Hayden Court?"

"Yes, sir," said Betty with another dip.

"Supposed to be neutral," murmured the leader, "but I believe he's the craftiest old fox in the region."

"My father, Josiah Hayden, Esquire, is a gentleman," said Betty in stern rebuke, flashing her dark brown eyes.

The soldiers laughed and the young leader doffed his cap, the sunshine falling on his golden curls.

"I pray your pardon, madam," he said gravely. "May I ask where you are going alone this hot afternoon?"

"I am going to the Widow Belden's in the pine wood to carry some tow to be spun. I am going alone, as I often do. Is it not a safe road, sir? It always has been and now there are none but His Majesty's soldiers about. They could not harm a little girl."

"She hath you there, Stanley," laughed one of the men. "The wench with all her demure looks hath a ready tongue."

"You are right," said the leader, looking at Betty kindly. "I have a little sister, another Elizabeth, at home. If I mistake not she delights greatly in a fine lady like unto the one you have under your arm, there."

"This is Priscilla," said Betty looking fondly at her pet. "Aunt Hester in London sent her to me for my eighth birthday. She came on the 'Caroline.'"

"She should be a loyal lady, then. But is not this sun over heavy for that waxen face, sweetheart? Zounds! I'd give my lace ruffles for an hour of sweet England and its silver mists, so cool, so refreshing!" and young Stanley wiped his heated face with a snowy kerchief.

"Widow Belden has never seen her," replied Betty, "and I have kept her face on my shoulder. Besides we come soon to the pine woods, but it is a hot afternoon. You don't think she'll melt, do you?" Betty gazed up into Stanley's face, real alarm in her brown eyes, her heart thumping wildly.

"She may if we keep you standing here," said the young officer. "Proceed on your errand, sweet lady. But first, will you not give me a kiss? My little sister bestows many upon my unworthy self."

He bent his bright face down, but only to receive the waxen caress of Priscilla, whom Betty suddenly raised to his lips. The crowd laughed and cheered wildly, and Stanley laughed though his color deepened.

"So you will not kiss me, dear one," he said gently, "and my Elizabeth so far away!"

"I am not your sister," replied Betty gravely, "and I kiss no man but my father. I am too young. Still you may kiss my hand," lifting a dimpled palm.

Stanley took the little hand in his own and kissed it with tender respect. "Sweetheart," he said gaily, "when the King's men have at last conquered this stubborn people, if I come back will you kiss me?"

"When the King's men conquer, if you come back I will kiss you," said Betty, with a sudden fire in her dark eyes.

"I will remember. Farewell, sweet Mistress Betty Hayden," cried the young officer bowing low over his horse's head, his golden curls still uncovered.

"Farewell, sir," replied Betty, curtseying again. The soldiers went on their way with backward looks, and Betty resumed her journey. She had reached the woods before her heart ceased fluttering.

The Widow Belden's cottage stood empty when Betty at last entered it. The little girl sat down and waited until the sun neared the west. Here was new trouble. What could she do?

She got up and went to the low chamber under the roof, the room that had been Jack's. She knew that the Captain always used it when there, and that he never failed to visit it even if making a brief stay. Jack's hunting suit hung in the little closet.

Betty stood a moment in doubt, then laid Priscilla between the sheets, her outstretched arms and smiling face alone in sight.

It was late that night when Francis Marion took his candle and climbed the narrow stair after his talk with Mother Belden. He had been fed and mended, and by daybreak would steal away to the thicket where his brown horse, Victor, was tied.

As he set down the candle he caught sight of Priscilla, sweetly smiling upon the pillow.

"By the jumping Jenny!" he cried, "what does this mean?" He took up Priscilla and looked her over closely. "A child's doll! As I live — Betty's! Now this is not for nothing."

He went over her carefully and at last his hand on the snowy cap felt something crackle. He drew out the tiny roll and read by the candle beam:

"A detachment crosses Nelson's Ferry to-morrow."

"Good!" he said, "you are a trump, my Betty." Then he burned the scrap in the candle flame and snuffing out the light stole into the darkness.

The next day a detachment of the King's soldiers was marching toward Nelson's Ferry where the Santee River crosses the road from Camden to Charleston. They were taking one hundred and fifty prisoners to the coast.

In the twinkling of an eye Francis Marion and a mere handful of his men swooped down upon them, captured twenty-six of their number, set free the prisoners, and got away without losing a man.

Betty heard the news a few days later and kissed Priscilla warmly. "You are a true patriot, darling," she said, "you have served your country nobly. Captain Stanley will not come back to kiss me. I gave him leave only when this country is conquered, and that will never, never be!"

70

TWO TEA PARTIES

I.

The door opened slowly and a curly head was thrust inside. Polly Cushing looked up with a frown.

"Now, Tom," she said firmly, "remember what mother told you at dinner. You are to keep away from Damaris and me and not worry us with your pranks."

"Who said I was to worry you," replied her brother Tom, coming into the room. "Why don't you ask me to your tea drinking?"

"It is a ladies' party and we wish no men," said Polly with dignity. "Besides, Damaris and I have business to talk over. Go away, Tom. How you do act!"

"That seedcake is uncommonly good," said Tom, coming a little nearer. "Give me but a slice, Polly-kins."

"Thomas Cushing," cried Polly indignantly, "if you wish seedcake go to Chloe in the kitchen. You are no gentleman to annoy me after all your promises and mother's commands."

"I'm not annoying you — I'm only looking at you. That crimson short-gown is very becoming."

"O Tom, dear, please go away — Damaris is coming up through the grape arbor. Think how many hours I've spent knitting on those new silk stockings you wanted."

"Well I will then. But you are good sport, Polly. it's as easy as anything to tease you. Can't a man just come in and tell his sister how he admires her gown, without putting her in a panic?"

"I know you, Tom Cushing," replied the sister, shaking her finger at him. Tom laughed and went out banging the door, while Polly hastened to greet her friend and help her lay aside her bonnet and long loose coat. Damaris had brought Polly a basket of rosy apples picked from the farm in Milton. The two little girls spent some time admiring them, then they had to be put away in the corner cupboard in the dining-room. It was fully five minutes before they returned to the parlor.

"Why, Polly Cushing, real tea?" cried Damaris as her friend lifted the chubby blue and white teapot. "You are no patriot! Do you think I'll drink it?"

"Perhaps you'll let me explain," replied Polly with dignity. "I'm as true a patriot as you, Damaris. I would rather go without tea all the rest of my life than use even one pinch of the kind King George is trying to force upon us. Now this tea is — smuggled —

smuggled from Holland, Damaris. Aunt Sarah had some given her and she presented me with enough for our party. I say let us drink it — and defiance to King George and his ministers!"

"O in that case I join you," cried Damaris gaily. "Two lumps, please. Do you know, Polly, as I rode down Milton Hill, I met Governor Hutchinson on his cream mare. He threw me a kiss and called out, 'My little girl sweetheart does not smile on her slave these days.'"

"What did you say?" cried Polly, breathlessly.

"I thought I might just as well take a stand," replied Damaris, "I am no longer a child, being past twelve. It was one thing to play with the Governor two years ago, but quite another to keep it up. I know he used to give us sweetmeats and play hide and seek in Madam's garden, with Henry and me. Well, I said very quietly, but politely, mother would be shocked if I were rude: 'Governor Hutchinson, I am sorry, but you are no friend to our Colony. You are seeking to uphold the unrighteous laws of a tyrant king!'"

"O Damaris, did you really say all that? How did you dare? How did you think of it? I never could, the words would all get mixed."

"I had thought about it. I knew it would come, so I had said it over and over to myself many times before."

"What did he say?" "O, he laughed. 'You little rebel,' he said, 'I'll tell King George your opinion of him. Come over to dinner, to-morrow and I'll —' "

"Ow-wow-wow-wow-wow!" burst upon the girls' ears. Was it a whirlwind sweeping through Madam Cushing's elegant parlor and out again? There was a banging of doors and loud laughter echoing down the hall.

"It's Tom!" gasped Polly. "He hid in the closet and now he's off with the seedcake. Well, one good thing, he won't be back yet awhile. I'll ask Chloe for more cake and we'll be in peace. Really, even if you are used to them, brothers are truly wearing persons to have around."

"Yes, I know," replied Damaris, feelingly. "Haven't I Henry and John?"

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TWO TEA PARTIES

II.

The next day was Sunday, but Polly did not go to meeting as usual. In some way she had developed a severe cold and was commanded by her lady-mother to remain in bed. Chloe made her a wine posset which was sugared and spiced and brought to her steaming hot in the silver porringer.

Her father came in after dinner and sat by the bedside. He told her that the ship "Dartmouth" had just arrived in the harbor bringing a cargo of tea and that two more ships were expected in a few days.

"O father," cried Polly, for the moment forgetting her sore throat, "what will the people do? They surely won't give in now."

"We will never give in," said Thomas Cushing the elder, grimly. "We will follow the law to the utmost limit, but come what will, we shall resist." Then he went on to say that a mass meeting had been called for Monday morning in Faneuil Hall.

Polly lay awake a long time that night thinking about affairs, wishing she could be a man and help in a time of such grave moment.

Monday she was better and was allowed to lie by the fire in the big parlor. The house was very still all

the morning, and even the street noises seemed less than usual. Just as she was dropping into a doze, Tom burst in full of excitement.

"What do you think, Polly," he cried. "I went to the meeting! There were so many people, the hall couldn't hold 'em all, so we went over to the Old South Meeting House. I was with Bill Hollis when we cut up the street and we ran into father, and he just laughed and said, 'Come along, boys, — you can take turns on my shoulder if we can't get a seat.' Well, we got seats in the gallery, front row! My! but it was packed.

"Well, they voted to a man to send the tea back to England. Rotch, the ship owner, was forbidden to enter the ship at the Custom House, and Captain Hall was notified that, 'it was at his peril if he suffered any of the tea brought by him to be landed.' "

"They'll do it at night," said Polly.

"No, sir — they can't, because there is to be a night-watch of twenty-five citizens. They are going to have another meeting to-morrow — no school either. You better believe I'm glad I'm a man and can be in this thing!" and fifteen-year-old Tom gave a war-whoop and stood on his head from sheer joy.

On Tuesday Tom returned from the meeting in a state of great excitement. It seems that those in charge of the tea sent word that it was out of their power to

return it. They asked to be allowed to land and store it, promising they would sell none until they could get word from England.

"Then," cried Tom, "before they could decide what to do, the sheriff came in and read a proclamation from the Governor. He warned the people to disperse and to stop doing anything more at their peril!"

"O what did they do?" cried Polly, her cheeks very red. "Do? They did enough, I can tell you. First they hissed, good and hard. Then they went right on with the meeting. They voted not to accept Mr. Rotch's proposal, and made both Hall and Rotch solemnly promise to send the tea back. You never saw anyone so pale as Rotch was when they voted that.

"Then they forbade any ship owner or master to bring any tea from Great Britain to any part of Massachusetts, so long as there was a duty on it. You see," went on Tom wisely, "even if the tax is but three pence on a pound, the principle is the same.

"If we pay three pence even we are giving way to King George. It is not right to pay taxes unless we can help make the laws that govern us."

The next few days were very exciting ones to our little patriots. Tom was present at every mass meeting and Polly waited at home eager to catch even the least bit of news.

The law said that a cargo must be landed within twenty days. If this was not done, the revenue officers could seize the ship and land the cargo themselves. But the captain of the "Dartmouth" had promised to take the ship back to England, without unloading.

To do this, however, he must have permission from the collector of customs or a pass from the Governor. On the eleventh of December Rotch was called before the committee and asked why he had not kept his promise.

He replied that he had no power to do so. Then he was told he must apply to the collector. Hearing of this the Governor gave orders that any ship leaving the harbor without permit should be fired upon.

Tuesday, December 14, Rotch, having done nothing, was escorted by Samuel Adams and nine others to the Custom House, but the collector refused to give an answer until the following day. On Wednesday Rotch was again escorted to the Custom House. The collector refused permission unless the tea was first landed.

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TWO TEA PARTIES

III.

Thursday, December 16, dawned upon the town of Boston, a day long to be remembered in the world's history. The Old South was densely packed, the streets near by were thronged. It is said that over seven thousand people were gathered.

There was just one thing to do, and that was to order Rotch to ask for a pass from the Governor. Governor Hutchinson had left town and was staying at his country seat on Milton Hill. Rotch was sent out to him, and the meeting waited to discuss what should be done if he was refused.

The last of the twenty days had arrived. Without the pass the ship could not get by the guns on the fort. By sunrise the next morning the revenue officers would be on board and had the power to seize the ship. This could be prevented only by a violent uprising. "Who knows?" said John Rowe at the meeting, "how tea will mingle with salt water?" There were hearty cheers at these words, yet few understood what was really meant.

At five o'clock it was voted that, come what would, the tea should not be landed. An hour after nightfall Rotch returned with the Governor's refusal. It was very still in the meeting house when Samuel Adams

arose and said very distinctly and earnestly, "This meeting can do nothing more to save the country."

Mr. Cushing and Tom had been absent all day, returning for neither dinner nor supper. Polly was in a fever of excitement. It seemed as if she could no longer remain indoors. Damaris Ware had ridden into town on a pillion behind Erastus, her father's overseer, and the two had stopped at the house.

Madam Cushing invited Damaris to spend the night, so Erastus went on without her. The girls could eat no supper and begged Madam Cushing to take them out on the street. She at last consented, and the three, closely wrapped in long cloaks and warm, quilted silk hoods, left the house with black Pompey who carried a lantern.

As they turned up Washington Street they saw an immense crowd coming toward them, and rushing down the street with whoop and yell came fifty painted Mohawk Indians brandishing their hatchets.

The crowd followed, and the way led down Pearl Street to Griffin's Wharf. Not even Madam Cushing thought of trying to turn back. They were carried on with the rest. There they stood with hundreds of others in the clear moonlight and watched the Indians as they leaped on board the vessels.

They saw them bring up the chests of tea and heard the ring of the hatchets as they split them open. They saw box after box emptied into the waters of the harbor. Not a word was spoken as the good work went on, the vast crowd remaining silent.

When the nine o'clock bell rang the last one of the three hundred and forty-two chests had been destroyed. Then the crowd quietly dispersed. No other damage had been done, and not one person had behaved in a disorderly or unbecoming manner.

A great load fell from Polly's shoulders. Let King George do what he would, the tea was gone, and now it could never be landed. Madam Cushing took her girls home, but at the corner of Washington Street, a horseback rider passed them. The moonlight fell on a face they both knew. It was Paul Revere on his way to Philadelphia with the glorious news that Boston had at last risen in the face of the might of Great Britain. Neither Mr. Cushing nor Tom had arrived so the ladies retired, leaving Pompey to wait up for them.

The next morning at breakfast the men of the family had little to say for themselves. Yes, they had been on the wharf and had seen the tea go overboard. That was all Polly could get out of them.

Later in the day Polly was putting Tom's closet in order. She lifted his shoes up from the floor, then set them down suddenly. Finally she carried them over to the window. What was that dark, dry stuff in the bottom?

A great light flooded her mind, for this little maid of old Boston was no dunce. At that moment Tom came in hastily, flushing as he saw her.

"Keep it for your children's children, and hold your tongue."

"Oh, Tom, were you," she began, but Tom put his hand over her mouth. "Sh-h-h," he said. "Don't you wish *you* were a man, Pollykins?"

Then he took from his table a crystal flask with a silver top that his Aunt Priscilla had sent him from Paris. He emptied out the toilet water most gallantly and then filled it with the dried tea leaves from his own shoes. Presenting it with a bow he said gravely, "Keep it for your children's children, and hold your tongue."

So to this day the descendants of Tom and Polly Cushing treasure the crystal flask with its reminder of the great Boston Tea Party.

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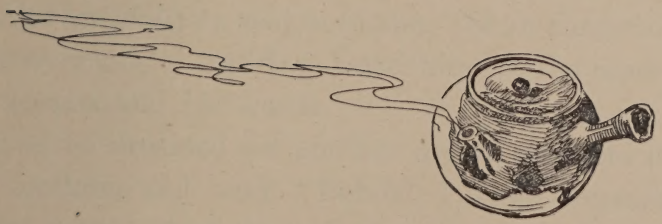

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DAISIES

At evening when I go to bed,
I see the stars shine overhead;
They are the little daisies white
That dot the meadows of the night.

And often while I'm dreaming so,
Across the sky the moon will go;
It is a lady, sweet and fair,
Who comes to gather daisies there.

For, when at morning I arise,
There's not a star left in the skies;
She's picked them all and dropped them down
Into the meadows of the town.

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

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THE STORY OF JOSEPH

Joseph and His Brethren

Joseph and his brethren were tending the sheep of their father Jacob. Now Joseph was the youngest of them all, and the best loved by his father since he was the son of his old age.

Jacob had given Joseph a coat of many colors, and for this, and because he was nearest to their father's heart, did the brothers hate him.

Now Joseph had a dream which he told unto his brothers, and they hated him the more.

Said Joseph, "Hear, I pray you, this dream which I have dreamed. For, behold, we were binding sheaves in the field, and, lo, my sheaf arose and also stood upright. And, behold, your sheaves stood around and bowed down to my sheaf."

And his brethren said unto him, "Shalt thou indeed reign over us?" And they hated him yet the more for his dreams and his words.

And he dreamed yet another dream and told it to his brethren and said, "Behold, I have dreamed a dream more. And, behold, the sun and the moon and the eleven stars bowed down to me!"

And he told it to his father, and his father rebuked

him and said unto him, "What is this dream which thou hast dreamed? Shall I and thy mother and thy brethren indeed come to bow down ourselves to thee?"

But his brothers envied and hated him the more.

And his brothers went to feed his father's flock in Shechem. And Israel said unto Joseph, "Go, I pray you, see if it be well with thy brethren, and well with the flocks, and bring me word again."

And Joseph went after his brethren and found them in Dothan. And when they saw him far off, even before he came to them they conspired to slay him.

And they said to one another, "Behold, this dreamer cometh! Come now, and let us slay him and cast him into a pit. And we will say, 'An evil beast hath slain him,' and we shall see what will become of his dreams."

And Reuben heard it and said, "Let us not kill him. Shed no blood, but cast him into this pit and lay no hand upon him." Now Reuben said this that he might save him and give him back to his father.

And it came to pass when Joseph was come to his brethren, that they stripped Joseph of his coat of many colors that was upon him. And they took him and cast him into a pit. And the pit was empty, for there was no water in it.

And they sat down to eat bread, and they lifted up their eyes and looked, and behold a company came

with their camels bearing spicery and myrrh and balm, going to carry it down to Egypt.

And Judah said to his brethren, "What profit is it if we slay our brother? Come and let us sell him and let not our hands be upon him!"

Then they drew up Joseph out of the pit and sold him for twenty pieces of silver.

But Reuben, who had gone away for a little space, returned to the pit and, behold, Joseph was not in the pit, and he rent his clothes.

And Reuben returned to his brethren and said, "The child is not; and I, whither shall I go?" And they took Joseph's coat and killed a kid of the goats and dipped the coat in its blood.

And they brought it to their father and said, "This have we found, be it thy son's coat or no?"

And he knew it and said, "It is my son's coat! An evil beast hath devoured him."

And Jacob rent his clothes and put sackcloth upon his loins and mourned for his son many days.

And all his sons and daughters rose up to comfort him, but he refused to be comforted. And he said, "For I will go down into the grave unto my son, mourning for him." Thus his father wept for him.

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THE STORY OF JOSEPH

How Joseph Interpreted Dreams

The wandering merchants sold Joseph in Egypt to Potiphar, the captain of the king's guard. And the Lord was with Joseph and he was a prosperous man; and he was in the house of his master the Egyptian.

And his master saw that the Lord was with him, and that the Lord made all that he did to prosper in his hands. And Joseph found grace in his sight, and he served him and he made him overseer over his house and all that he put into his hand.

The Lord blessed the Egyptian's house for Joseph's sake; and the blessing of the Lord was upon all that he had in the house, and in the field.

Now Joseph was a goodly person and well-favored in countenance. And being accused of evil conduct without cause, he was thrown into prison. But the Lord was with Joseph and showed him mercy and gave him favor in the sight of the keeper of the prison. And the keeper of the prison gave to Joseph's hand all of the prisoners that were in the prison.

And it came to pass that the butler of the king of Egypt, and his baker had offended their lord, the king

of Egypt. And Pharaoh was very angry and put them in the prison where Joseph was bound.

And Joseph came in unto them in the morning and looked upon them, and behold they were very sad. And he said unto them, "Wherefore look ye so sadly to-day?"

And they said unto him, "We have dreamed a dream and no one can tell us what the dream meaneth." And Joseph said unto them, "Tell me the dream, I pray you."

And the chief butler told his dream to Joseph, and said unto him, "In my dream, behold, a vine was before me. And in the vine were three branches, and it was as if the vine budded and her blossoms shot forth, and the clusters thereof brought forth ripe grapes.

"And Pharaoh's cup was in my hand, and I took the grapes and pressed them into Pharaoh's cup, and I gave the cup into Pharaoh's hand."

And Joseph said unto him, "The three branches are three days. Yet within three days shall Pharaoh lift up thine head and restore thee unto thy place. And thou shalt give Pharaoh his cup into his hand after the former manner.

"But think on me when it shall be well with thee, and show kindness, I pray thee, unto me, and make mention of me unto Pharaoh, and bring me out of

this house. For indeed was I stolen away out of the land of the Hebrews, and here also have I done nothing that they should put me in this dungeon."

And it came to pass the third day which was

"But think on me when it shall be well with thee."

Pharaoh's birthday he made a feast unto all his servants.

And he restored the butler unto his butlership again, and he gave the cup into Pharaoh's hand. Yet did not the chief butler remember Joseph, but forgot him.

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THE STORY OF JOSEPH

The Dreams of a King

And it came to pass at the end of two years Pharaoh dreamed a dream. And he slept and dreamed a second dream.

And it came to pass that in the morning his spirit was troubled. And he sent and called for all the wise men of Egypt and Pharaoh told them his dream. And there was no one who could interpret his dream.

Then spake the chief butler unto Pharaoh saying, "I do remember my faults this day. Pharaoh was wroth with his servant and put me in prison, both me and the chief baker.

"And we dreamed a dream one night. And there was with us a young Hebrew, servant to the captain of the guard, and we told him, and he interpreted to us our dreams. And it came to pass as he interpreted so it was."

And Pharaoh sent and called Joseph and they brought him hastily out of the dungeon. And Pharaoh said unto Joseph, "I have dreamed a dream and there is none that can interpret it. I have heard say of thee that thou canst understand a dream to interpret it."

And Joseph answered Pharaoh, saying, "It is not

in me. God shall give Pharaoh an answer of peace."

And Pharaoh said unto Joseph, "In my dream I stood upon the bank of the river. And, behold, there came up out of the river seven kine, fat-fleshed and well-favored, and they fed in a meadow.

"And, behold, seven other kine came up after them, poor and very ill-favored and lean-fleshed, such as I never saw in all the land of Egypt for badness.

"And the lean kine did eat up the first seven fat kine. And when they had eaten them up it could not be known that they had eaten them, for they were still ill-favored as in the beginning. So I awoke.

"And I dreamed yet again, and, behold, seven ears came up on one stalk full and good. And, behold, seven ears, withered, thin and blasted with the east wind came up after them. And the thin ears devoured the seven good ears. All this I told to the wise men, but there was none who could declare it unto me."

And Joseph said unto Pharaoh, "The dreams of Pharaoh are one. God hath shown unto Pharaoh what he is about to do.

"The seven good ears and the seven fat kine are seven years. Behold there shall come seven years of great plenty in the land of Egypt. The seven thin kine and the seven empty ears shall be seven years of famine. And all the plenty shall be forgotten in the

land of Egypt, for the famine shall consume the land.

"Now let Pharaoh look out a man discreet and wise and set him over the land of Egypt. Let Pharaoh appoint officers over the land, and take up the fifth part of the land in the seven years of plenty.

"And let them gather all the food of those good years and lay up corn under the hand of Pharaoh, and let them keep food in the cities. And that food shall be for store to the land against the seven years of famine, that the land perish not in the famine."

And the thing was good in the eyes of Pharaoh and in the eyes of all his servants. And Pharaoh said unto his servants, "Can we find such one as this is, a man in whom the spirit of God is?"

And Pharaoh said unto Joseph, "For as much as God hath shown thee this, there is none so discreet and wise as thou art.

"Thou shalt be over my house, and according to thy word shall all my people be ruled. Only in the throne will I be greater than thou. See, I have set thee over the land of Egypt."

And Pharaoh took off his ring and put it on Joseph's hand and arrayed him in fine linen, and put a gold chain about his neck. And he made him ride in the second chariot, and they cried before him, "Bow the knee."

And Joseph was thirty years old when he stood before Pharaoh. And Joseph went out from before Pharaoh, and went through the land of Egypt.

And in the seven years of plenty the earth brought forth by handfuls. And he gathered up corn as the sand of the sea, very much, until he left numbering, for it was without number.

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THE STORY OF JOSEPH

The Famine

And the seven years of famine came as Joseph had said, and the famine was in all the lands, but in the land of Egypt there was bread. And Joseph opened all the store-houses and sold unto the Egyptians. And all countries came unto Egypt to buy corn because that the famine was so sore in all lands.

Now when Jacob saw there was corn in Egypt he said unto his sons, "Why do ye look one upon another? Behold, I have heard that there is corn in Egypt. Get you down and buy some for us that we may live and not die."

And Joseph's ten brethren went down to Egypt to buy corn. And they came and bowed themselves before him with their faces to the earth.

And Joseph saw his brethren and knew them, but they knew him not. He made himself strange to them and spake roughly unto them, saying, "Whence come ye?" And they said, "From the land of Canaan to buy bread." And he said, "Ye are spies to see the nakedness of the land."

And they said unto him, "Nay, my lord, we are all one man's sons and true men; thy servants are no

spies." And he said unto them, "Nay, but to see the nakedness of the land are ye come."

And they said, "Thy servants are twelve brethren, the sons of one man in the land of Canaan; and, behold, the youngest is this day with our father and one is not."

And he said unto them, "By the life of Pharaoh ye shall not go hence except your youngest brother come hither. Send one of you and let him fetch your brother. Ye shall be kept in prison that your words shall be proved." And he put them all in ward for three days.

And Joseph said unto them the third day, "This do and live. If ye be true men let one of your brethren be bound in the house of your prison. Go ye, carry corn for the famine of your house. But bring your youngest brother with ye and ye shall not die."

And they said to one another, "We are guilty concerning our brother in that we saw the anguish of his soul and we would not hear. Therefore is this distress come upon us."

And Reuben answered them saying, "Spake I not unto you saying, 'Do not sin against the child,' and ye would not hear."

And they knew not that Joseph heard them. And he turned himself away from them and wept. He

returned to them again, and took from them Simeon and bound him before their eyes.

Then Joseph commanded to fill their sacks with corn and to restore every man's money into his sack and give them food for the way.

And they laded their asses with the corn and departed thence. And one of them opened his sack to give feed to his ass in the inn and, behold, his money was in the sack's mouth. And he showed it to his brethren and they were greatly afraid.

And they came unto their father and told him all that had come to them, and showed him the bundles of money.

And Jacob, their father, said unto them, "Me ye have bereaved of my children. Joseph is not, Simeon is not and ye will take Benjamin away. My son shall not go down with you for his brother is dead and he is left alone. If mischief befall him then shall ye bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave."

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THE STORY OF JOSEPH

The Second Journey

And it came to pass when they had eaten up the corn, their father said, "Go again, buy us a little food."

And Judah spake unto him saying, "The man did declare, saying, 'Ye shall not see my face unless your brother be with you.' If thou wilt send our brother with us we will go down and buy food. Send the lad with me and we will arise and go, that we may live and not die, both we and thou, and our little ones."

And their father said unto them, "If it must be so, do this: take of the best fruits and carry down the man a present, a little balm, and a little honey, spices and myrrh, nuts and almonds.

"And take double money in your hand, and the money that was brought again in the mouth of the sacks. Take also your brother and arise, go again unto the man. And God Almighty give you mercy before the man." And they rose up and went with Benjamin.

And when Joseph saw Benjamin with them, he said to the ruler of his house, "Bring these men home and make ready, for these men shall dine with me at noon."

And the men were afraid because they were brought into Joseph's house. And they came near

to the steward and spoke with him at the door.

And they showed him the money and said, "We cannot tell who put our money in our sacks." And he said, "Peace be with you, fear not. Your God and the God of your father hath given you treasure in your sacks." And he brought Simeon out to them.

And when Joseph came home at noon, they brought him the present and bowed themselves to the earth.

And he asked them of their welfare, and said, "Is your father well, the old man of whom ye spake? Is he yet alive?" And they answered, "Thy servant our father is in good health: he is yet alive."

And he lifted up his eyes and saw his brother Benjamin, his mother's son, and said, "Is this your younger brother of whom ye spake unto me? God be gracious unto ye, my son."

And Joseph made haste, for his heart did yearn upon his brother and he sought where to weep, and entered into his chamber and wept there.

And he washed his face and went out and said, "Set on bread." And they set on for him by himself, and for the Egyptians by themselves, and for the Hebrews by themselves.

And he took and sent messes unto them from his own table, and Benjamin's mess was five times as much as any of theirs. And they ate, drank and were merry.

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THE STORY OF JOSEPH

The Governor's Cup

And Joseph commanded the steward of his house, saying, "Fill the men's sacks with food, as much as they can carry, and put every man's money in his sack's mouth. And put my cup, the silver cup, in the sack of the youngest, and the corn money."

This he did according to the word of Joseph. As soon as the morning was light the men were sent away, and their asses.

And when they were gone out of the city Joseph said unto his steward, "Up! follow after the men, and when thou dost overtake them, say unto them, 'Why have ye rewarded evil with good? Is not this the cup from which my lord drinketh?' "

And he overtook them and spake unto them these words. And they replied unto him, "God forbid that thy servants should do this thing. Behold the money we found in our sacks' mouths we returned unto thee. How then should we steal out of thy lord's house gold or silver?

"With whomsoever it is found let him die, and we also shall be my lord's slaves."

And they speedily took down every man his sack

and the cup was found in Benjamin's sack. And they rent their clothes and returned to the city.

And they came into the house of Joseph and fell down before him and Judah said, "What shall we say unto my lord, or how shall we clear ourselves? God hath found out the wickedness of thy servants. Behold we are thy lord's servants, both we, and he also with whom the cup is found."

And he replied unto them, "God forbid that I should do this thing; go in peace. But the man in whose hand the cup is found shall be my servant."

And Judah drew near to him and said, "O my lord, let thy servant speak a word in my lord's ear. We have a father, an old man, and a child of his old age, a little one, and his brother is dead, and he alone is left of his mother and his father loveth him.

"Now therefore when I come to thy servant my father, and the lad be not with us, seeing that his life is bound up in the lad's life, he will die.

"Now therefore I pray thee, let thy servant abide instead of the lad, a bondman to my lord."

Then Joseph cried, "Cause every man to go out from me save these Hebrews only." And there stood no man with him. And Joseph wept aloud and cried unto his brethren:

"I am Joseph! doth my father yet live?" and his

brethren could not answer him, for they were troubled.

And Joseph said, "Come near me, I pray you." And they came near and he said, "I am Joseph your brother whom ye sold into Egypt. Be not grieved that ye sold me here, for God has sent me to preserve life. Haste ye, go up to my father and bring him and all that are his to dwell with me."

And he fell upon his brother Benjamin, and wept upon his neck. And he kissed his brethren and wept upon them, and after that his brethren talked with him.

Now Pharaoh hearing the report was well pleased and sent for the children of Israel to come and dwell in the land of Egypt.

And when Jacob heard the words of Joseph and saw the wagons which Joseph had sent for him his spirit revived and he said, "It is enough! Joseph my son is yet alive. I will go and see him before I die."

And Joseph made ready his chariot and went to meet his father.

And he fell upon his neck and wept on his neck a good while.

And Israel said unto Joseph, "Now let me die since I have seen thy face because thou art yet alive."

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THE DECEPTIVE MAT

I.

When Tsin Yen was about eight years old, he and his little brother were one fine day enjoying a game of battledore and shuttlecock, on the green lawn which their father had reserved as a playground for their use. The lawn was a part of a garden laid out with many rare flowers and ferns and lovely plants in costly porcelain jars. The whole was enclosed behind high walls.

It was a very warm day and the garden gate had been left open, so that the breeze could better blow within. A man stood outside the gate, watching the boys. He carried a small parcel under his arm.

"Will not the jewel eyes of the honorable little ones deign to turn my way?" he cried at last.

Tsin Yen and Tsin Yo looked over at him.

"What is your wish, honorable sir?" asked Tsin Yen.

And the man replied: "That I may be allowed space in which to spread my mat on your green. The road outside is dusty and the insects are more lively than suits my melancholy mood."

"Spread your mat, good sir," hastily answered Tsin Yen, giving a quick glance at the small parcel and returning to his play.

The man began quietly to unroll his parcel, Tsin Yen and Tsin Yo being too much interested in their play to pay much attention to him. But a few minutes passed, however, before the stranger touched Tsin Yen's sleeve, and bade him stand aside.

"For what reason, honorable sir?" asked Tsin Yen, much surprised.

"Did you not consent to my spreading my mat, most ingenuous son of an illustrious father?" returned the man. He pointed to his mat, of cobweb texture and cobweb color. It already covered almost the whole green lawn, and there was a portion yet unrolled.

"How could I know that so small a parcel would make so large a mat?" cried Tsin Yen.

"But you should have thought, my son," said the father of Tsin Yen, who now came upon the scene. "If you had thought before consenting to the spreading of the mat, you would not, this fine afternoon, be obliged to give your playground to a stranger. However, the word of a Tsin must be made good. Stand aside, my sons."

So Tsin Yen and Tsin Yo stood aside and watched with indignant eyes the deceptive mat unrolled over the whole space where they were wont to play. When it was spread to its full capacity, the man seated him-

self in the middle, and remained thereon until the setting of the sun.

And that is the reason why Tsin Yen, when he became a man, always thought for three minutes before allowing any word to escape his lips.

SUI SIN FAR.

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TEXTS FOR NATURE LESSONS FROM THE POETS

FROM LOWELL.

The single crow a single caw lets fall;
And all around me every bush and tree
Says autumn's here and winter soon will be
Who snows his soft white sleep and silence over all.

The birch, most shy and lady-like of trees.

The swamp oak with his royal purple on
Glares red as blood across the sinking sun.

The chestnuts lavish of their long hid gold
To the faint summer, beggared now and old,
Pour back the sunshine hoarded 'neath her favoring eye.

My oriole, my glance of summer fire
Is come at last.

The thin-winged swallow skating on the air —
A thrush is ringing
Till all the elder coverts dark
Seem sunshine — dappled with his singing.

FROM WHITTIER

The snow-plumed angel of the North
Has dropped his icy spear —

The blue bird in the meadow brakes
Is singing with the brooks.

Heap high the farmer's wintry hoard,
  Heap high the golden corn,
No richer gift has autumn poured
  From out her lavish horn.

It is as if the pine trees called me
To see the dance of the woodland shadows,
And hear the song of April brooks.

From gold to gray
Our mild sweet day
Of Indian Summer fades too soon;
  But tenderly
  Above the sea
Hangs white and calm the hunter's moon.

FROM LONGFELLOW

The day is done and the darkness
Falls from the wings of night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

Out of the bosom of the air,
Out of the cloud-folds of her garments shaken,
Over the woodlands brown and bare,
Over the harvest fields forsaken,
Silent, and soft and slow
Descends the snow.

Now was the winter gone, and the snow; and Robin the Redbreast
Boasted on bush and tree it was he, it was he and no other
That had covered with leaves the Babes in the Woods, and blithely
All the birds sang with him, and little cared for his boasting,
Or for his Babes in the Woods or the Cruel Uncle, and only
Sang for the mates they had chosen, and cared for the nests they were building.

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